August 1952 – 25¢

The Sign

National Catholic Magazine

Is Royalty Making a Comeback?

(SEE PAGE 40)

Lucile Hasley * Giovanni Guareschi * Victor Riese

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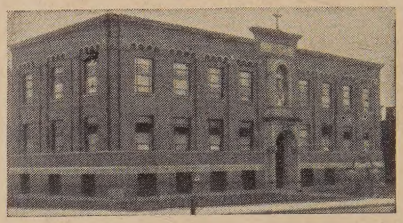

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Says We Inspire Hatreds

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

For some time now the editorials of THE SIGN have exhibited a sectarian, bigoted attitude which in my opinion has nothing in common with the best Catholic thought. In fact, I feel that such an attitude fosters a spirit of hatred and ill will and furnishes Blanshardism with some real ammunition.

It is no surprise to me that Protestants fear the growth and power of the Catholic Church in this country. I don't blame them. For you and others like you are loud in your support of religious freedom and even preference for Catholics in the United States; whereas on the other hand you refuse to condemn the suppression of religious freedom of Protestants in Spain. It is only logical to suppose that the same thing can happen here.

You are even unfair in your "Sign Post," which does not always give honest answers to its questioners. Recently, someone asked if it were all right for a Catholic to read Plato and Aristotle. Instead of responding with a hearty "yes," your man equivocated by saying it was unnecessary to read them. Now actually it isn't necessary to read anything, but any man who aspires to culture has a right to read the best in literature and thought of our civilization. Here we have again the narrow sectarian view. This view is entirely out of harmony with true Catholic thought, which encourages intellectual as well as spiritual growth.

MRS. WILLIAM J. BEHR, JR.

Glen Ridge, N. J.

Who Pays?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Reading your "Editorials in Pictures and Print," I came across the caption: "Occupation Costs and the Taxpayer." Especially one sentence would be quite amusing if it were not so ironic—the sentence: "Is there any sane reason why a married sergeant or a second lieutenant should have a house, a cook-maid, a governess, and a furnace man-gardener paid for by the hard-pressed American taxpayer?"

This editorial is not explicit enough. It should have stated that the costs of occupation, including wages for servants, and rents for houses, have been paid for by the *German* taxpayer. The same holds true of the glorified Berlin Airlift.

A rough estimate would be about one-and-a-half billion per year . . . but I stand corrected on this figure. The only real help given to the German people came from American private citizens. It was so much that it may be called tremendous.

LUDWIG GREIN

Evanston, Ill.

Senator McCarthy

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Just a few lines concerning the criticism of Senator McCarthy which appeared in a recent issue of THE SIGN. As an ordinary citizen of these United States, I appreciate the way that the Senator has picked up the boards and exposed the termites that are eating away the foundations of our country. The fact that those in power prefer to coddle the worms, instead of running for the insecticide, will always baffle me, but in no way lessens the admiration I feel for this brave man.

As for his methods, he himself tells us that Emily Post has no place in dealings with gangsters. I remember learning in the catechism that one of the works of mercy is to admonish the sinner. It is not the way to personal popularity, but the Senator has shown clearly that he regards that lightly.

I am sure that Senator McCarthy cannot help feeling a kinship with his Saviour, who, in a moment of righteous indignation, drove the money changers from the temple. I imagine that many "nice" people at the time criticized His methods also.

M. WILLIS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Placing The Blame

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In this faraway outpost of the British Empire I can feel almost a "lonely (British) voice crying in the wilderness," and must begin by saying that I am not only British but a born Roman Catholic of Portuguese descent. I mention this so that you can disabuse your mind of any English bias.

I want to join issue with you in the implication contained in your editorial on page 7 of your May, 1952, issue. As a Catholic, I expect the editorials of a Catholic publication to be fair and impartial.

The Dutch are as fine a people as you can find anywhere, and all honor to them and their Queen, God bless her! I heartily agree with all you write in praise of them and the Belgians.

But I said that I want to join issue with you and I most strongly resent your implication about the British who sought "steel and dollars."

We, the British, in a death struggle for survival (God bless them for saving the world from Nazi tyranny and domination while your country stayed on the side line and saw us bled white before coming to our aid, aid for which we shall always be grateful nevertheless), made an honorable deal by trading our rubber for steel, steel to help you save your skins again!! and to make guns and dollars—a deferred payment—too long deferred—for the initiative and know-how in establishing your aircraft factories, which we carried for our account in your country for as long as our bent backs did not break! Yes, your dollars were only part of a moral obligation any self-respecting country like the great U.S.A. should share in a common cause. No hard feelings, it is all legitimate; but the fact remains we were bled white in a world cause.

On the question of our economic plight, it has always been a puzzle to me—a neophyte in international finance—why one country, while admittedly fighting its own cause, which goes to the aid of another country (I refer to the Low Countries which were immobilized by Nazi occupation) and after winning their cause, should have to bear all the financial, material, and bloody burden of restoring that country back to its people and not ask them to pay the cost of the restoration. This is what happened to the countries you refer to as "not one of" those whining European nations seeking to live off American global dole. Of course, Britain, among the Allies carried her share. Your readers will remember Arnhem, Dieppe, Dunkirk, Caen.

Is it not a principle of Catholic social doctrine that the rich should contribute of their wealth to the poor?

JORGE JARDIM

Georgetown, British Guiana

"Red Channels" Again

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The letter from P.C.G. in THE SIGN for July calls for an answer from me, as author of the article, "What About *Counterattack?*"

Exemplifying the typical double-standard of the "liberal," P.C.G. vituperates *Counterattack* for alleged thought control. In the same breath, "liberal" P.C.G. attempts to exercise a form of thought control, cancelling his subscription to THE SIGN because it published my article, which P.C.G. did not like.

He alleges that the "basic purposes" of *Counterattack* and *Red Channels* are "diametrically opposed to the fundamental tenents of the Catholic Church," and claims that my article itself points this out. That's quite a mouthful, P.C.G. You attempt to justify it by claiming that *Counterattack* (according to some of its critics, whom I honestly reported) publishes, among many more other things, "old but quietly forsaken Communist records and . . . 'liberal' front affiliations."

Of course *Counterattack* has published (in very small proportion) some such

(*Continued on page* 71)

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NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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AUGUST 1952

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Editor's page

Ignorance Abroad

TWO months ago, there was general rejoicing among the Western powers that everything was going our way. In spite of Soviet opposition, we had signed the treaties that ended the occupation of Germany. We had brought the major part of German power into our camp and had laid the foundations of a European Army. For the first time in several years, the future began to look bright.

Recent events give a gray background to this rosy picture. The clamor that followed our bombing of the Yalu power plants showed how jittery, divided, and misinformed our allies are regarding the present world situation.

The incident wasn't of great importance in itself. Perhaps it would be better protocol to inform our allies in advance concerning any military action that even appears to be a departure from routine. On the other hand, we could offer our friends an equal voice in military decisions if they accept an equal part in the military effort. After all, there should be a certain proportion between the two.

This is not the really important aspect of the situation. What is really dangerous and significant is the lack of public information among our allies and the continued existence of the spirit of appeasement in Western Europe.

The British are among the best-informed people in the world. They have many great newspapers, read daily by a highly literate public. Yet they are being sold a bill of goods on Korea by partisan politicians for partisan reasons. Many Englishmen don't seem to be sure now whether the South Koreans or the North Koreans started the war, whether the Security Council didn't make a mistake in voting to resist aggression in Korea, and whether Communist accusations of American imperialist aims do not have some foundation in fact.

Still more dangerous is the accusation being made openly that the Americans are deliberately holding up peace because, as Bevan declared, we refuse to accept the Chinese revolution as an accomplished fact and refuse to welcome the Peiping regime into the United Nations. Perhaps the climax of this folly was the declaration of one British paper that the Yalu bombings were timed "to scotch the peace talks and provoke Chinese intervention."

Some of these opinions are, of course, the mouthings of partisan politicians attempting to whip up public opinion against the party in power. It is a fact, however, that the general public in Britain thought that a truce existed in fact and that this cessation of active warfare had been wantonly and willfully broken by the American bombings. Even members of Parliament seem to have no suspicion that the truce negotiations were inaugurated at the suggestion of the Russians in order to permit the Communists to reorganize their shattered armies and to replenish their exhausted supply of materiél. They appear to have no conception of the fact that the American negotiators have made every possible concession but refuse to accede to the demand that they forcibly turn over prisoners of war who know what will happen to them once they are at the tender mercies of the Communists.

IGNORANCE of the realities of the situation in Korea is not confined to Britain. It exists in varying degrees throughout much of Western Europe. The result is that American policy makers are being pushed by Britain, France, and Western Germany into inaugurating conferences with Soviet Russia over the unification of Germany. They want a Panmunjom in Europe. They are blind to the Russian aim of dividing the West, of preventing the integration of the German Federal Republic into the Western defense system, of wrecking the European Army, and of gaining time to allow the U.S.S.R. and her satellites to develop further their military power.

The British Government recently got out a White Paper explaining the facts of life regarding Korea to members of Parliament and the public. It would be a good thing if our other allies did the same thing, adding a section applying to Europe the lessons that we should all have learned from Korea.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

United Press photos

And still they come. This graphic photo shows a group of East Germans who fled the Red terror and successfully crossed the Soviet "death zone" into Berlin.

Lest we forget! An oft-recurring Korean scene too seldom publicized here. Our Bishops' Relief Committee is doing a tremendous job helping Korean war victims.

U. S. Immigration Law Needs Further Revision

AFTER President Truman vetoed the McCarran-Walter Omnibus Immigration Bill, terming it "inhumane," and "repressive," and designed to relegate foreign-born Americans to the status of "second-class citizens," it took Congress just two days to override the sternly worded presidential veto. As a result, that long-discussed and much-debated bill has now become the immigration law of the United States. It is not an immigration policy of which Americans can be proud. The forces of reactionary restriction and exaggerated patriotism have won a victory. During their recent annual convention, the members of the Catholic Press Association went vigorously on record as opposing the McCarran-Walter Bill on the ground that it is "nationally and racially discriminatory." With that opinion and with that objection we heartily concur.

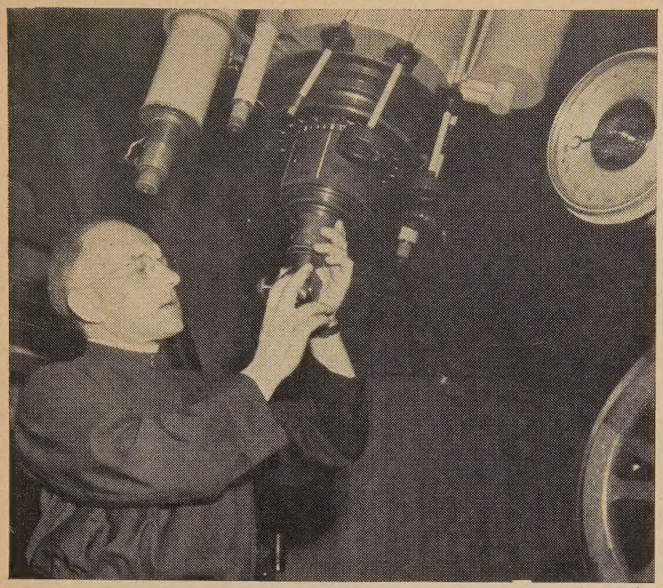
To be sure, the McCarran-Walter Bill has many virtues. It is the result of three years of intensive study and discussion. Perhaps the best thing that can be said for it is that it codifies some of the more discouraging complexities to be found in our cumbersome immigration laws of 1924. But its weaknesses and its discriminatory strictures far outweigh its good points. Interested, impartial, and capable individuals and groups suggested amendments before the bill came to a vote. Notwithstanding, by a stubborn and unreasonable attitude, and by clever parliamentary tactics, the McCarran forces in Congress forestalled amendments that would have eased the restrictive measures and made the bill acceptable and workable. Now, the only hope is that the passage of future amendments will eradicate such evils.

Meanwhile, almost lost amid the welter of controversy surrounding the passage of the McCarran-Walter Bill, certainly little known to the general public, is the special immigration legislation introduced by Representative Emmanuel Celler (NY), and known as HR 7376.

The Celler Bill, sometimes referred to as the "Emergency Immigration Bill," would afford 100,000 immigration opportunities, annually for a three-year period, to Iron Curtain refugees, to dispossessed German ethnics, and to the surplus populations in Italy, Greece, and Holland.

Several thousand of the people included in this bill have already been accepted for immigration by United States consuls and were on the point of being issued visas when the Displaced Persons Act expired. Other hundreds are men and women from the Iron Curtain countries who, at the risk of their lives and those of their loved ones, fled across Soviet-erected borders seeking asylum in the West.

Most of them were encouraged to flee by the incessant propaganda of Voice of America radio broadcasts. Clearly then, quite apart from the urgings of charity and far above any political considerations, the United States has an obligation in justice to help these brave and destitute refugees find homes and a new start in life.



Harris & Ewing

Fr. Francis Heyden, S.J., of Georgetown, recently finished the "best yet" charts of the Milky Way. Mr. Blanshard claims the Catholic Church hinders science.

Arms paralyzed, Earl Bailly, undaunted, overcomes handicap and gives encouragement to all afflicted. Three of his paintings will be used on greeting cards.

Senator Fred Seaton, Nebraska, and his wife practice genuine charity by adoping four refugee orphans. The little ones enjoy looking at our American funnies.

The surplus population problem in Europe continues to be a powerful Communist propaganda weapon and to provide dangerous political tinder. So long as this problem remains, the defense of Europe can never be assured nor its economy stabilized. Immigration is the only feasible solution. Holland and Italy are two of the most densely populated countries in the world. It is patently ridiculous that Ireland (exclusive of the northern counties) should be given annually 17,756 immigration visas, while Italy is awarded only 5645 and Holland 3136. There just aren't that many Irish trying to enter the United States nowadays. Furthermore, according to the McCarran Act as it now reads, a Lithuanian Refugee wishing to emigrate to the U. S. would have to wait 122 years from the date of his application. A Polish refugee would have to wait until 1999!

The McCarran-Walter Act should be amended during the next session of Congress. Meanwhile, the Celler Bill should be brought out of committee and passed, and its emergency immigration legislation enacted.

When the Man in the Moon Goes to Church

ON June 18, Harpers published a book called *The Exploration of Space*. It is authored by Arthur C. Clarke, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and specialist in rocket propulsion. The volume is remarkable for making the sober, scientific claim that we are just about ready to journey to the moon. Only need to iron out a few engineering bugs and woosh!—somebody will be riding up Broadway in a hail of ticker tape and confetti as Lindbergh did in 1927. That is Mr. Clarke's message.

The message provides us with some points for an unconventional meditation.

Probably Catholics have done research in the rocket science which will make this space-tripping possible. Perhaps as many Catholics, proportionally, as anybody else.

The Catholic Church, however, has displayed no official interest in the project. It has created no Bishops' Special Committee on Rocket Travel as it has a Committee on Refugees. It has organized no Bureau of Space Research as it has a Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

For less spectacular omissions, we have occasionally heard remarks to the effect that the Church loses plenty of opportunities, publicity opportunities. And, no question, it would make awfully good publicity if the science of rocket propulsion had been reared under the well-advertised sponsorship

United Press photos

Bavarian Catholics celebrate Corpus Christi according to centuries-old tradition. Barge bearing Bishop with monstrance is convoyed by hundreds of small craft.

ıe Church. Or if the first moon-voyager were to make irst formal report to the Pope, with a lot of TV and reel fanfare.

ıt things don't happen that way. In these flashy, eye-ning projects, the Church tags along behind. Not indi-al Catholics, mind you, but the official Church.

er indifference does not arise from a spirit of "Aw! heck with it." But rather from a spirit of "It just isn't business."

ıd that is the fact of the matter. It isn't the Church's ness. Her business is the salvation of souls and every-g that conduces in a practical way to the salvation of s.

he Church, for instance, is not an organizer of political ies. But she is an arbiter of political ethics. Because aspect of politics goes down into a man's soul and ıts toward salvation or damnation.

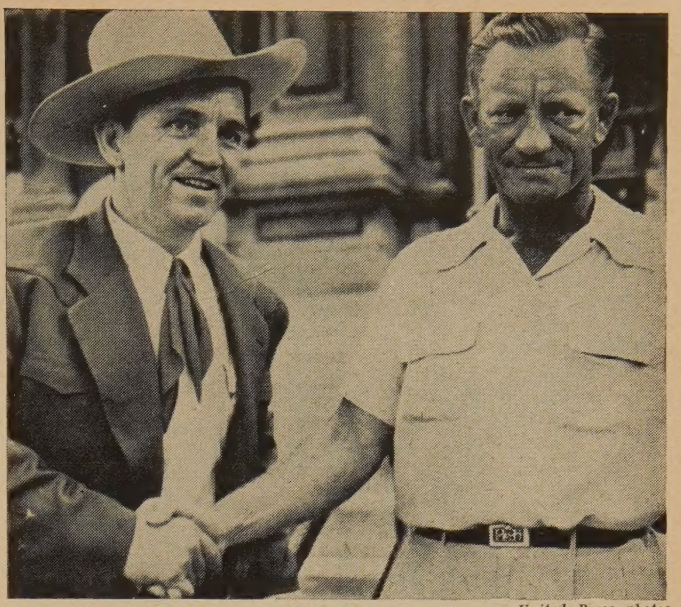
ıe is not, like the State, a teacher of the natural sciences. when state education makes natural science work against . the Church is forced into the schoolroom by accident. ıe is not a welfare organization. But while there are ended sick, and homeless children, and neighbors who l beds and soup, her charity drives her to serve them. his, however, is all on the side. Her great concern is the ation of men—providing them with the divine life of e and nourishing that life with sacraments and the word God. Anything else is incidental, an adjustment to crisis, it of good-natured volunteering.

R. CLARKE and his fellow rocket experts may look covetously at the moon as another world to conquer, ther sight to see, another exciting area to be checked with calipers and chipped with the tools of geology. But the moon is barren of interest to the Church. An enigmatic, unhuman face, drifting expressionless in ce, incapable of christening, having no capacity for saint-ss, destined to the eventual cosmic collapse which will er every man into immortality. That is how the Church the moon, as she uses its phases to clock her moveable sts.

cket Ships
l Redemption

ut, colonize the moon with men from earth—as Mr. rke somewhat fantastically thinks will happen—and the e will be different. Then the Holy Father will begin to k worriedly up at the sky on clear nights. Friars will

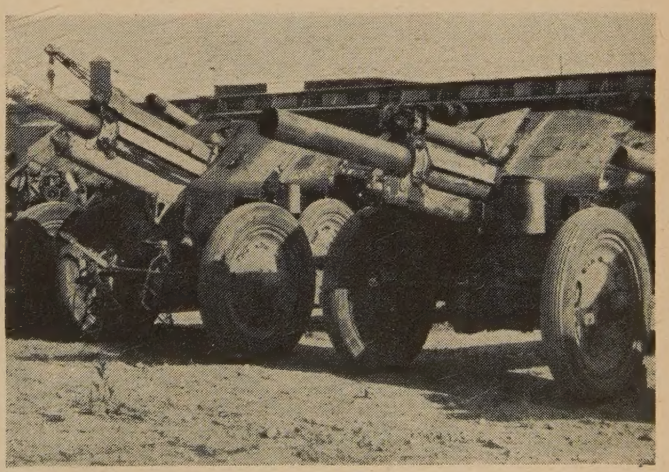
enzano, Italy, celebrates same Feast by preparing he "world's most beautiful Main Street" for the pro-ession. Even ropes to hold crowds are flower-covered.



United Press photos

Stuart Hamblen (left), Prohibition Party presidential hopeful, poses at the party convention. Here is one candidate we dare predict will lose come November.

Admiral Radford, Pacific Fleet Commander-in-Chief, asks for more of "everything" for Chiang Kai-Shek's army. Our U.N. "partners" will spike that request.

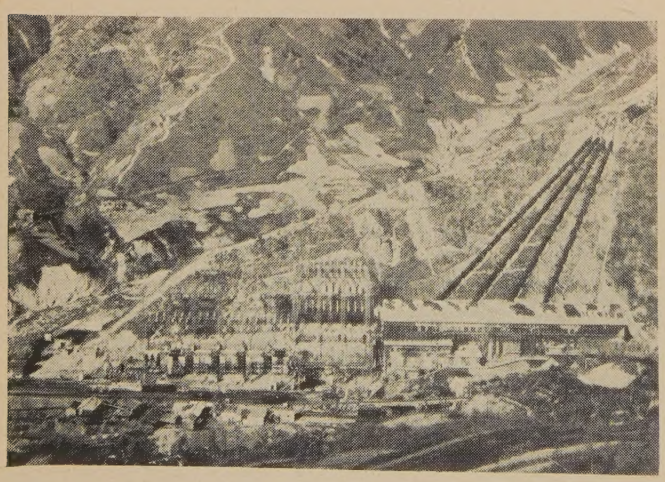


Triple play: Stalin to Bradley to Tito. Soviet guns our troops took in Korea pass through the U. S. en route to Yugoslavia. May they never be turned on us.

United Press photos

New synthetic blood extender, PVP Macrose, has most properties of whole blood and needs no refrigeration. Civil Defense authorities ordered 1,200,000 pints.

Last of 296 phone calls. Touring army posts overseas, Gen. Campbell promised soldiers he'd call their folks on his return. Job took six hours a night for six nights.



The bombs dropped by our planes on Yalu power plants touched off an explosion in Britain's Parliament. Gen. Clark continues to be hampered by U. N. bickerings.

board rocket ships as they boarded the galleons of the con quistadors. Nuns will sail for the moon as gaily as the sailed for the Land of the Rising Sun. And the Catholi public will save pennies for the Lunar missions as the have for every other kind.

The Church has a divinely given instinct to pursue th human soul until it is safe in heaven with God. Where ther are souls to save, she is all business and functions with native ease and knowhow which goes far beyond human rea son. Something like the expertness which God gave the fis for swimming and the bird for flight.

That is her essential genius. Every other skill of hers i subordinate to that and contributory to it. Skills whic have no practical relationship to souls, she does not posse in any unusual degree.

The Church has no mission to the moon. She has, how ever, a mission to the man in the moon, as soon as rocke transport takes him there.

Television Should Start Clean

RECENTLY, while casually hawking Lipton's teas an soups on his television show, Arthur Godfrey told a offensive joke. There was no mistaking; it was typical orderl room, locker-room sort of riba humor. Moreover, it was stupi it was ancient and, to borrow familiar phrase from the jargo of show business, "it laid a egg." It should have. The studio audience snickered hal heartedly. Godfrey's foil in telling the story, a twenty-yea old college girl, was visibly embarrassed. Thousands of li teners sitting around their sets at home must have been su prised and shocked.

Of course, one salacious story broadcast over the airwave will hardly corrupt the morals of the nation. Our point i that no circumstances excuse repeating a filthy joke on television or radio show. Four months ago, the Nationa Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters announce a new Television Code. Most stations and networks imm diately and fully subscribed to it. Jokes, such as that tosse off by Godfrey, violate the NARTB code.

Advertising agency executives, network officials, and spon sors have lately been worrying out loud and publicly sul ing about the threat of television censorship. They wonde why, when they have an excellent code of their own, the should be plagued by Congressional Committees like th Harris FCC Subcommittee, which is busy investigatin "offensive and undesirable types" of television broadcast and paying much attention to such items as the wearin apparel of female performers, beer advertising, and crim programs. The deliberate telling of a story like Godfrey is one big reason. That sort of thing is just asking for th boom of censorship to be lowered.

Very few people are alarmed about beer commercials- especially during these hot August days—but plenty of Ame icans, parents, and hundreds of thousands of normal decen folk are justifiably angered and moved to protest by obscen language or costumes or actions in television shows. Suc things are not merely objectionable, they are an infring ment on everyone's innate right to decency; they are an i vasion of the sanctuary of the home by purveyors of smu The problem of offensive TV performances is not solve by following the silly advice of Congressman Klein to "tur the program off." In most cases, the damage has alread been done.

Television is a young industry. It has a glorious future an can be an even greater influence in American life than radi However, it should be able to control itself, and the wor and actions of its performers. If not, then organized an outside controls should be applied.

eru
ida, Japan's
e Minister

What's In Store for Japan?

With the end of over six years of occupation, Japan faces many problems in taking her place as an independent nation in the free world

by GENEVIEVE CAULFIELD

SHORT time has passed since the six years and eight months' Occu- n of Japan ended. Looking at n as she takes her place as an in- ndent nation, what do we find? t have the postwar years done rd building a firm foundation for vrecked national structure of 1945? have the Japanese people been aring themselves for the new day has just dawned? What, besides substantial material assistance and od deal of democratic theorizing, we actually accomplished during years of benevolent occupation? What manner of future confronts Japan at the end of her bitter trial?

The tourist, and even the average foreign resident, sees a tremendous comeback from the bleak early postwar years of bombed-out cities, empty markets, unspeakably shabby clothes, and station platforms the only refuge for many homeless children. The cities are rapidly being rebuilt, not only with flimsy makeshifts, but with solid, well-lighted, well-heated buildings, in which office space is grabbed almost as soon as the blueprints are finished. New houses, too, are everywhere to be seen, somewhat cheaper looking than prewar homes, but sufficient for present needs.

The main streets are fairly well paved and almost too well-lighted, considering the cost of electricity. Shops and markets are filled with goods of all kinds, both domestic and foreign, and food is abundant. The people are, for the most part, well dressed. Many of the women wear kimonos, and those in western dress look smarter than they did before the war.

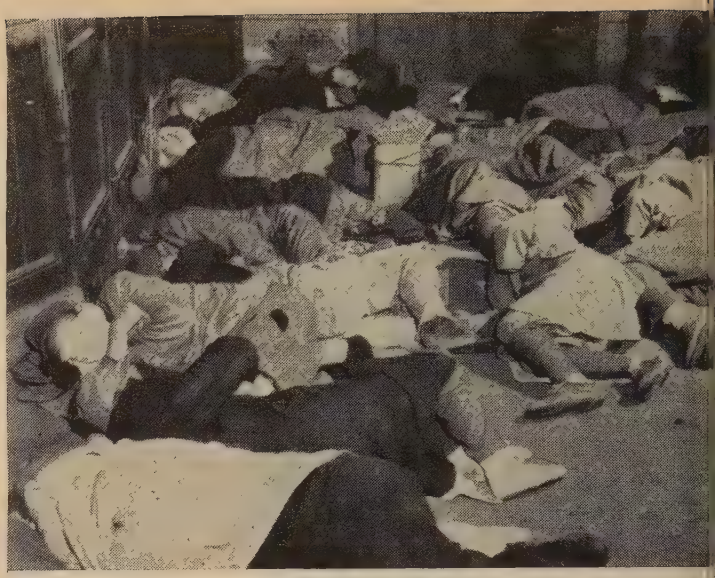
Japanese, Chinese, and Western style restaurants as well as theaters and hotels are crowded, and it is often difficult to walk in the well-filled, well-stocked department stores. Taxies speed hither and yon, streetcars and buses are packed, and reservations on the efficiently run through-trains have to be secured well ahead of time.

Education has been reorganized. Labor unions have sprung up all over the country. Free elections have been successfully carried out. Health is greatly improved and public welfare centers have been established in every Prefecture. It is no wonder that a considerable number of hard-working Occupationaires sincerely believe that all this has been accomplished since the war, forgetting that six years is a short time to get things done, unless a fairly good foundation has been laid beforehand. Before the war all these things were well started, but were prevented from developing normally by the misguided militarists. At any rate, things look promising, but what lies beneath these outward signs? What are some of the problems that "Un-Occupied" Japan has to face?

First she is confronted by a most serious economic situation. The apparent prosperity of the cities by no means indicates well-being among the majority of the people. The average standard of living is unbelievably low, and there is still widespread suffering.

The people of Japan are hard-working, intelligent, and resourceful, but, try as they may, they simply cannot improve their standard of living. There are too many people occupying too little space. It was partly their desire to live like other people that made them follow their leaders, with so little question, into the adventure of the last war. They had no dream of Empire. They merely wanted adequate housing, decent food, and enough land and money to enable them to live like others. It must not be forgotten that they still want these things just as much as they did then, and that they have far less hope

Group of students outside Tokyo University. Coeducation opened new fields to women



Many bombed-out Japanese are still homeless and are living under conditions similar to those pictured here

of getting them, and that when a highly efficient and energetic people are denied the right to live, they often find ways of forcing others to give it to them.

At present, the majority of office workers, university professors, government officials, teachers, and skilled workers subsist on salaries ranging from twenty to fifty or sixty dollars a month, while thousands of unskilled workers and others are trying to keep body and soul together on from ten to twenty dollars a month.

The simplicity and monotony of the daily diet of the average Japanese family is hard to imagine. Yet there is little complaint and plenty of hard work.

There are, of course, many comfortable homes in Japan, some of which verge upon the palatial, but the great majority of the people construct and run their homes with one idea uppermost: space saving. In the average Japanese home, privacy is one of the luxuries rarely enjoyed. In Tokyo and other industrial centers lack of space has forced most people to construct Japanese houses with their mats, upon which bed cushions can be spread at night and stored in cupboards in the morning, making it possible for bedrooms to be turned into living rooms. There are very few families able to afford the luxury of bedrooms where children can be put quietly to bed before their elders are ready to retire. It is obvious that where houses are overcrowded, living in Japanese style homes is much simpler than in a foreign-type house requiring tables, chairs, and beds. It is wonderful how the Japanese housewives manage and how attractive the little houses look. These, however, are the conditions under which middle-class people are living. The congestion among the poor is unspeakable, with several families crowded into a small, dark room, where they cook, eat, and sleep under leaky roofs and patiently submit to sanitary conditions hard for self-respecting people to endure.

There is another group even more unfortunate. According to the latest statistics, more than four hundred thousand people in Japan are still homeless, living in caves, dug-outs, under bridges, and in tunnels.

During the war and the years immediately following, when there was a flourishing black market, farmers enjoyed unprecedented prosperity. Now the good days are over, and, even though, under the new land distribution laws, many of them own their land instead of working as share croppers, the holdings of each farmer are so small that they are just about able to eke out a meager subsistence.

This brings us to the ever-present problem of overpopulation, the problem which is at the root of all Japan's past, present, and future troubles, the problem which the western countries steadfastly refuse to face, and which, if we do not face, will force the Japanese people to try once again to solve it in whatever way seems expedient to them. There are eighty-four million people, increasing at the rate of nearly a million a year, crowded into a space of volcanic land, about the size of the State of Montana, only one fifth of which can be cultivated, and the rest of which is woefully lacking in minerals and other raw materials. In these islands to which the Japanese people have been confined there is not enough of anything to around.

Strict limitations have had to placed upon the import of badly need raw materials and consumer goods cause of the necessity of importing sential foodstuffs and other necessiti But without the industries which quire these raw materials, the econo of the country cannot be stabilized. porters, too, are not without th troubles, for, even with substantial ders secured, and manufacturers re and willing to supply the goods, it often impossible to cash letters credit, owing to the tightness of money market.

Politically, the Japanese are fa with a rising tide of conservatism, put it mildly, and an ever-present, sistent Communist party that will no opportunity slip to push itself ward, inch by inch. Prime Minis Shigeru Yoshida, like his prototy Winston Churchill, is holding on w all his might, determined, with the power that lies within him, keep the country from either extre but before long there will be electio and there is no telling how they go.

This brings us to the question of h leaders are being formed. What k of education is being given the yo people who are to guide the nation the future? Education has been eralized. The mythical interpretat of history has been replaced by the m realistic approach. Coeducation in h schools, colleges, and universities supplanted the strictly segregated syst prevailing before the war.

There is one striking difference

Japanese women have taken interest in politics and they take advantage of their right to vote

Acme & Keystone photos

Manufacturing is necessary for Japan to maintain a stable economy. Pictured here is a doll factory

een postwar and prewar students, mely, the students working their way rough school or college. Before the ar, there were a few students who orked while attending school, but they ere nothing compared to the army of ung people earning the whole or part their schooling by every imaginable nd of work today. This tendency dicates only that the students are oorer than their prewar brothers, not at there are more educational oppor-nities being seized by a greater num-er, except, possibly in the case of girls king higher education.

When I returned to Japan in 1947, I as surprised to hear an American say: "Isn't it wonderful? Education in apan has been so democratized that ven a poor boy can become Prime linister." He scarcely believed me hen I told him that even in the "Dark ges" before the war, it was possible for poor boy to become Prime Minister, nd that several poor boys actually had eached that position. As far as oppor-nities for obtaining an education were oncerned, the prewar system was as emocratic as it is now. The subjects ught were more controlled, and the hole system more rigid, but any boy ho could pass the long line of examina-ons, from the kindergarten through ie university, was free to compete for ny Cabinet position. Postwar educa-on has been liberalized, but owing to ie same condition in the schools which revails everywhere, overcrowding, the me examinations of elimination hich forced prewar students into a uelling grind are causing them to urn the midnight oil in these days of nlightenment.

One of the saddest products of present-day education is the average university student searching for something solid upon which to build his life. Formerly, he could at least fall back upon devotion to the Emperor, as his religion, but that whole concept has been pulled out from under him, and he hears only about freedom, freedom which he often mistakes as the right to follow his every inclination. Most of the university students are serious. They have had to work too hard to obtain higher education to be light-minded about it, and they are eager to find a system of living to satisfy their craving for something more than meets their eyes, so they seize upon whatever philosophy or cult happens to strike them. They have little knowledge of, or interest in, religion, which has not been presented to them in any form during their purely secular high school years. Others, with the eagerness of young enthusiasts, who have been given no foundation upon which to build principles, fall easy victims to the well-organized propaganda of the ever-ready Communists, whose well-instructed representatives are to be found in every college and university. The young idealists eagerly lap up whatever the Communists have to offer, not so much because they are attracted by the blandishments of Moscow, as that they are dissatisfied with their hard and monotonous life and welcome anything new.

The fact must be faced that Communism and fellow-travellerism have made considerable progress among university students, most of whom would rather die than be under Russian rule, but so skillfully is the propaganda manipulated that most of these young people see only the glittering slogans and miss what lies beneath. The May Day demonstrations in Tokyo are a salutary warning of what may come if great care is not taken.

Labor, too, is facing a period of readjustment. Unions fashioned after the American pattern cannot long endure under Japanese living conditions. Unions are necessary, but they must operate along Japanese lines and contribute to the Japanese economy, which means that they, as well as everyone else, will have to make certain sacrifices and adjustments to meet the emergency which is confronting their country.

From 1918 to 1939, the Japanese labor movement was taking form, slowly, it is true, but normally. If the militarists had not taken over and ultimately suppressed the unions, along with many other things, there would probably be today, a healthy, well-organized labor movement, conforming to Japanese conditions. Instead there are shaky, foreign-conceived unions. This is an inevitable consequence of the war and what followed, and it speaks well for both the Occupation authorities and the Japanese labor leaders that things have gone as well as they have. The fact remains, however, that the labor movement, along with co-education and other innovations, have been developed under hothouse conditions and must now be tested in their natural environment.

(*Continued on page* 69)

GENEVIEVE CAULFIELD has lived in the Far East for the past twenty-nine years, teaching English and working for the welfare of the blind in Tokyo and Bangkok.

Don Camillo and

Two stories of the incomparable Don Camillo, parish priest whose adventures are a saga of physical prowess, earthly wisdom, and simple faith

by GIOVANNI GUARESCHI

THE BICYCLE

IN THIS SLICE of land between the river and the highway it is hard to imagine a time when the bicycle did not exist. Here in the valley, everyone from five years old to eighty rides a bicycle. Little boys make remarkable riders because they support themselves on bent legs in the middle of the frame, and their bicycles move in anything but a straight line, but they do move just the same. The peasants for the most part use women's models, and the paunchy landowners trundle along on old-fashioned contraptions with a high seat which they reach by means of a little step screwed onto the rear axle.

City people's bicycles are utterly laughable. With gleaming metal gadgets, electric batteries, gearshifts, baskets, chain guards, speedometers and so on, they are mere toys and leg exercisers. A genuine bicycle should weigh at least sixty-five pounds; it should have lost most of its paint and at least one pedal. All that should be left of the remaining pedal is the shaft, rubbed smooth and shiny by the sole of the rider's shoe. Indeed, this should be its only shiny feature. The handlebars (with no rubber tips to them) should not be at the conventional right angle to the wheels, but inclined at least twelve degrees one way or the other. A genuine bicycle has no mudguard over the rear wheel, and hanging before the front mudguard there should be a piece of automobile tire, preferably red, to ward off splashes of water. A rear mudguard may be allowed when the rider is excessively disturbed by the streak of mud that accumulates on his back during a rainstorm. But in this case the mudguard must be split open in such a way that the rider can brake in so-called "American style," that is by pressing his trousercuffs against the rear wheel.

A Po Valley bicycle has no mechanical brakes and its tires wear conspicuous patches, so protuberant as to impart to the wheels a spirited, jumping motion. In the little world we are concerned with, a bicycle blends with the landscape; it would never try to be showy and beside it, those dressed up racing models are like third-rate chorus girls next to a substantial housewife. City people can't be expected to understand these things; where sentiments are concerned they are about as delicate as cows in clover. They live quite contentedly in their civic corruption. They have what they call their "toilets" or "lavatories" right in the middle of the house, whereas every self-respecting countryman puts his honestly named "watercloset" in an outhouse at the far end of the courtyard. To locate this convenience next to one's eating or sleeping quarters is supposed to be a symbol of "Progress," but to leave it outdoors, where it is out of reach and lacking tiled walls and pavement, is to my mind cleaner and more truly civilized.

In the valley a bicycle is just as necessary as a pair of shoes, in fact more so. Because even if a man hasn't any shoes he can still ride a bicycle, whereas if he hasn't a bicycle he must surely travel on foot. This may hold true in the city as well, but in the city there are trolleys, while in the valley there are no rails of any kind, but only bicycle, motorcycle, and wagon tracks, cut every now and then by the trail of a snake that has slithered from one ditch to another.

Don Camillo, the parish priest, had never been in business unless it is business to buy a pound of beef or a couple of black cigars and the accompanying box of what are locally called "lightning bolts," that is, sulphur matches to be struck on the soles of one's shoes or the seat of one's trousers. But if Don Camillo had never been in business, he enjoyed seeing it go on, and whenever Saturday was a fine day he mounted his bicycle and went to the weekly market at La Villa. He was interested in livestock, farm machinery, fertilizers, and sprays, and when he could buy a bag of copper sulphate with which to protect the grapevines behind the rectory he felt just about as happy as farmer Bidazzi with all his acres. There were all kinds of amusement stands in the marketplace and the holiday atmosphere and bustling activity never failed to put him in a good humor.

ON this particular Saturday, Don Camillo got on his old bicycle and gaily ate up the seven miles to La Villa. The market was unusually crowded and Don Camillo got more fun out of it than if it had been the yearly fair at Milan. At half-past eleven he went to get his bicycle from the lot where he had left it. He pulled it out by the handlebars and, working his way through all the confusion, started toward the narrow street leading to the open country. Here the Devil came into the picture, because Don Camillo stopped at a shop to buy some trifles and when he came out, his bicycle which he had left leaning against the wall, had disappeared.

Don Camillo was equipped with outsize bones and muscles. From his toes to the top of his head he was as tall as an ordinary man standing on a stool

His Little Flock

and from the top of his head to his toes he was a hand's breadth taller, which means that although other people saw him as of one height he saw himself as of another, that is, his courage was a hand's breadth greater than his considerable physical stature! Even if someone were to have pulled a shotgun on him, his blood-pressure wouldn't have gone up a single degree. But if he stumbled over a stone in the road or someone played a trick upon him, he was unnerved by the humiliation. At such times he felt almost sorry for himself and positively melancholy.

NOW, with his bicycle gone, he did not make a row. He asked an old man standing near by if he had seen anyone on a woman's bicycle with a green basket. And when the man said no, he touched his hat and went away. He walked by the police station, but never thought of going in. The fact that a country priest, with twenty-five liras in his pocket, had been robbed of a bicycle was a private and moral problem, and not one to be introduced into the public domain. Your rich man, to whom it is all a matter of money, may rush to report a theft. But to the poor it is a personal injustice, in the same class as striking a cripple or knocking his crutch out from under him.

Don Camillo pulled his hat down over his eyes and started to walk home. Every time he heard a cart or wagon behind him, he ducked down at the side of the road. He wanted to go home under his own steam without having to talk to anybody. And he wanted to cover the whole seven miles on foot in order to underline the thief's guilt and his own sense of injury. He walked alone through the dust and heat for a solid hour without pause, brooding over the misfortunes of a Don Camillo who seemed to him to exist quite apart from himself. At a certain point a side road came into the one which he was traveling, and he stopped to lean on the wall of a small brick bridge. Leaning up against the same wall was his bicycle. He knew every inch of it, and there was no chance of any mistake. Immediately he looked around, but no one was in sight. He touched the bicycle and tapped the handlebars with his knuckles. Yes, they were of solid metal. The nearest house was at least half a mile away and the bushes were not yet covered with enough leaves to provide a hiding-place. Finally he looked over the wall of the bridge and saw a man sitting in the dried-up bed of the stream. The man stared up at him interrogatively.

"This bicycle is mine," Don Camillo said hesitatingly.

"What bicycle?"

"The one here against the wall of the bridge."

"Good," said the man. "If there's a bicycle on the bridge and it's your bicycle, that's not my business."

"I was just telling you," Don Camillo said, with considerable perplexity. "I didn't want there to be any mix-up about it."

"Are you sure it's yours?" the man asked.

"I should say I am! It was stolen from me while I was in a shop at La Villa an hour ago. I don't know how it got here."

The man laughed.

"It must have got bored waiting and gone ahead of you," he said.

Don Camillo threw out his arms in uncertainty.

"Are you, as a priest, able to keep a secret?" the man asked him.

"Certainly."

"Then I can tell you that the bicycle got here because I brought it here myself."

Don Camillo opened his eyes wide.

"Did you find it?"

"Yes, I found it in front of the shop. And I took it."

"Was that your idea of a joke?" asked Don Camillo, after another moment of hesitation.

"Don't be silly!" the man protested. "Do you think that at my age I go around joking? I meant to take it for keeps. Then I thought better of it and pedaled after you. I followed you up to about a mile back, then I took a shortcut, got here before you and put it right under your nose."

Don Camillo sat down on the wall and looked at the fellow below him.

"Why did you take the bicycle if it wasn't yours?" he asked.

"Everyone to his own trade. You deal in souls and I deal in bicycles."

"Has that been your trade for long?"

"No, just for the last two or three months. I operate at markets and fairs, and I usually do pretty well, because a lot of these peasants have stone jars full of banknotes. This morning I had no luck, and so I took your bicycle. Then I saw you come out of the shop and go your way without telling anybody. I began to be sorry and followed you, I still don't understand exactly why. Why did you duck down every time a wagon caught up with you? Did you know I was behind you?"

"No."

"Well, I was. And if you'd accepted a lift, I'd have turned back. But since you kept on walking I had to follow."

Don Camillo shook his head. "Where are you going now?" he asked.

"Back to see if there's anything doing at La Villa."

"To see if you can lay hands on another bicycle."

"Of course."

"Then keep this one."

The man looked at him.

"Not on your life, Father. Not even if it were made of solid gold. It would be on my conscience and ruin my career. I prefer to stay clear of the clergy."

Self-portrait of the author, whose book, "The Little World of Don Camillo," was a best-seller. The two stories appearing here will be chapters in "Don Camillo and His Flock," to be published August 18 by Pellegrini & Cudahy, N. Y.

Don Camillo asked if he had had anything to eat, and the man said no.

"Then come eat something with me."

A wagon came by, and in it rode a peasant called Brelli.

"Come along, you wretch!" said Don Camillo. "You take the bicycle and I'll go in the wagon."

Then he stopped Brelli and told him that he had a pain in his leg. The man came up from below the bridge. He was so angry that he threw his cap on the ground and cursed a large number of saints before he got on the bicycle.

Don Camillo had the meal ready for ten minutes by the time the bicycle thief arrived at the rectory.

"There's only bread, sausage, cheese, and a drop of wine," said the priest. "I hope that's enough for you."

"Don't worry, Father," said the man. "I've taken care of that." And put a chicken on the table.

"The creature was crossing the road and I accidentaly ran over it," he explained. "I didn't want to leave it to die there, and so I put an end to its pain. . . . Don't look at me like that, Father. I'm sure that if you broil it properly, God will forgive you."

Don Camillo broiled the chicken and brought out a bottle of special wine. After an hour or so, the man said he must be about his business, but there was a worried look on his face.

"I don't know how I can go back to stealing bicycles," he sighed. "You've demoralized me completely."

"Have you a family?" Don Camillo asked him.

"No, I'm all alone."

"Then I'll take you on as a bell-ringer. Mine just went away two days ago."

"But I don't know how to ring bells."

"A man who knows how to steal bicycles won't find that hard to learn."

And he was bell-ringer from that day on.

THE STUFF FROM AMERICA

THE party delegate was one of those gloomy, tight-lipped characters who seem to have been made just for wearing a red scarf around the neck and a Tommy gun slung over one shoulder. The reason for his visit to the village was to *galvanize* and *activate* the local section of the Party. He made endless speeches to the cell leaders, for when these gloomy, tight-lipped fellows start talking politics they are as long-winded as the late Adolf Hitler. He stayed three whole days, and on the morning of the third day, when he had finished laying down the latest Party line, he said to Peppone, the Communist mayor:

"Saturday you're to call a meeting of the village council and announce that you're resigning from the post of mayor."

"Have I done so badly?" stammered Peppone.

"No, Comrade; you've done so well that you're to be promoted. You're to run for Parliament on the People's Front ticket."

"Me run for Parliament?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"But I haven't any education . . . "

"You know how to obey, Comrade, don't you? All a deputy to Parliament needs to know is how to obey Party orders. And you're sure to attract votes. You're known all over the province for the way you hustle around and get things done."

Peppone threw out his arms.

"But what about my own village?"

"Do you care more for the community than for Communism?"

Peppone bowed his head.

"Of course you'll have to make some campaign speeches. But we'll send you

those[illegible] don't worry. You can just learn the[illegible]rt."

[illegible]elegate was giving him [illegible]ions as to how to con[illegible], Smilzo burst breath[illegible]ne room.

"The stuff from America is here!" he shouted. "I mean the foodstuff. There are posters up to announce that the needy can call at the rectory for relief parcels. Spaghetti, canned milk, preserves, butter, and sugar. The posters have created quite a sensation."

"What's the exact wording of the announcement?" the delegate asked him.

"The fatherly heart of His Holiness . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . parcels which all the needy are entitled to receive upon application to the parish priest, Don Camillo . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . "

"All the needy, did you say?"

"Yes, all of them, without distinction."

Peppone clenched his fists.

"I knew that devil was [illegible]oking up something of the sort," he said. "They speculate on human misery, the filthy cowards. We'll have to do something about it."

"Yes, Comrade, do something!" the delegate ordered. "Call a meeting of the cell leaders."

After the cell leaders had hastened to answer the call, Peppone informed them of the latest reactionary maneuver.

"Within half an hour the comrades must be told that if one of them accepts so much as a safety-pin I'll strangle him for it. Smilzo, you stand guard in front of the rectory. Keep your eyes peeled every minute and take down the names of all those who go to pick up parcels."

"Well spoken," the delegate said approvingly. "A case like this requires decisive action."

ALL day there was a line in front of the rectory. The priest was jubilant, because the parcels were plentiful and well filled and people were happy to get them.

"Tell me if the so-called People's Party gives you anything better," he said, laughing.

"They give nothing but big talk," everyone answered.

Some of the Reds were needy enough, but they didn't show up. This was the only fly in the priest's ointment, because he had prepared a special homily for their benefit. "You haven't any right to this, since you have Stalin to look after you. But take a parcel just the same, Comrade, and here's luck to you!"

When none of the Reds put in an appearance and the priest was told that Smilzo was standing behind a bush, taking down the name of everyone who went away with a parcel, he realized that he would have to keep his homily to himself. By six o'clock in the evening all the "regular" needy had been taken care of and there were left only the parcels meant for "special cases." Don Camillo went into the church to talk to Christ.

"See here, Lord, what do You think of that?"

"I see, Don Camillo, and I must admit I find it touching. Those people are just as poor as the rest, but they're putting Party loyalty above their hunger. And so Don Camillo has lost a chance to deliver some sarcastic remarks at their expense."

Don Camillo lowered his head.

"Christian charity doesn't mean giving the crumbs from your table to the poor; it means dividing with them something that you need yourself. When Saint Martin divided [illegible] with a beggar, that was charity. And even when you [illegible] last crust of bread with a beggar, you mustn't act as if you were showing

to a dog. You must give humbly thank him for allowing you to a part in his hunger. Today you y played the part of an altruist the crumbs you distributed were someone else's table, not your You had no merit. And instead eing humble, you had poison in heart."

n Camillo shook his head. "Lord," hispered, "just send some of those Reds to me. I won't say a thing. n't think I'd really have said any- before, either. You'd have shown he light before I could say it."

en he went back to the rectory waited. After an hour had gone he closed the door and the front ow. But after another hour he d a knock at the door. The priest o open it, and there was Straziami, of Peppone's most loyal followers, ng just as frowning and glum as He stood silently at the entrance moment, looking at Don Camillo, then said:

don't think any the better of you your friends, and I intend to vote please. So don't say I misled you."

he priest barely nodded. Then he one of the remaining parcels out e cupboard and handed it to him. iami took it and tucked it away r his coat.

ell me the truth, Father," he said cally. "You might very well make od joke out of the sight of Comrade iami sneaking in for a relief parcel America."

o out through the garden," was he priest said in reply, and he lit utt of his cigar.

PPONE and the Party delegate ere having supper when Smilzo to report.

's quarter past eight, and the t has gone to bed."

everything in good order?" asked one.

n the whole, yes," Smilzo said with hesitation.

beak up, Comrade," said the dele- harshly. "Tell us the entire story."

ell, all day long there was just usual crowd, and I got all the s. Then just a quarter of an hour a latecomer went into the rectory it was too dark for me to see who as

ppone clenched his fists.

ut with it, Smilzo! Who was he?"

looked like one of our people e . . ."

hich one?"

looked like Straziami. But I can't to it."

ey finished their supper in silence, hen the delegate stood up. "Let's tigate," he said. "Such things

Seeing's Believing

▶ Brooklyn Dodger V-P Fresco Thompson spins one about coming out of Ebbets Field with a group of big leaguers from watching a tryout school's practice. A small boy rushed up to them for their signatures.

Thompson pointed out a kid in a faded sweater and a set of James Whitcomb Riley freckles. The boy was a southpaw pitcher and had just made an excellent impression on the Dodger brass present.

"Why don't you get him to sign your book?" he asked the youthful autograph hound. "He's going to be another Carl Hubbell some day."

"I'll wait," was the laconic retort.

—Harold C. Burr in the "Brooklyn Eagle"

mustn't be allowed to ride too long."

Straziami's little boy was pale and thin, with big eyes, and hair that tumbled over his forehead. Small for his age, he looked a lot and said little. Now he sat at the kitchen table and stared with wide-open eyes at his father, who was glumly prying open a jar of fruit.

"That's for dessert," said his mother. "First have your spaghetti and canned milk."

She brought the bowl to the table and stirred its steaming contents, while Straziami went to sit down by the wall, between the fireplace and the cupboard. From this vantage point he stared wonderingly at his son, whose eyes wandered in bewilderment from his mother's hands to the jar of fruit and then to the can of milk on the table.

"Aren't you coming to supper?" the woman said to Straziami.

"I don't want anything to eat," he mumbled.

She sat down across from the boy and was just about to fill his plate with spaghetti when Peppone and the Party delegate threw open the door. The delegate looked at the spaghetti, examined the labels on the milk and the jar of fruit.

"Where did you get this stuff?" he said harshly to Straziami, who had risen hesitatingly to his feet.

He waited in vain for an answer. Then he calmly gathered the four corners of the tablecloth into his hand, picked it up and threw it out the window. The little boy trembled, holding both hands in front of his mouth and staring at the delegate with terror. The woman had taken refuge against the wall and Straziami stood in the middle of the room with his arms hanging at his sides, as if he had been turned into stone. The delegate closed the window, walked over to Straziami and struck him across the face. A thread of blood trickled out of the corner of Straziami's mouth, but he did not move. The delegate went to the door and then turned around to say:

"That's Communism for you, Comrade. And if you don't like it, you can leave it."

His voice aroused Peppone, who had been gaping from one corner of the room as if the whole thing were a dream. They walked away in silence through the dark countryside, and Peppone could hardly wait to get home. In front of the inn the delegate held out his hand.

"I'm leaving at five o'clock tomorrow morning," he said. "You've got everything straight, haven't you? Saturday you resign and put Brusco in your place. You're to make your first speech at Castellino and tomorrow you'll receive the main body of the text. You can insert references to local conditions in the blank spaces. Goodnight, Comrade."

"Goodnight."

Peppone went straight to Smilzo's.

"I'll beat him up," he said to himself, but when he reached the door he hesitated and retraced his steps. He found himself in front of the rectory, but there he did not linger either.

"That's Communism for you, Comrade. And if you don't like it, you can leave it." The delegate's words were imprinted in his mind. At home he found his own son still awake in his crib, smiling and holding out his arms.

"Go to sleep," Peppone said brusquely. He spoke in so harsh and threatening a voice that no one, not even he himself, could have suspected that he was thinking of the wide-open eyes of Straziami's son.

In the room at the inn the Party delegate's mind was quite empty. He was fast asleep, satisfied with both himself and his Communism. But there was still a frown on his face, because Communists are on duty even when they are sleeping.

MEDITATION —Modern Versio

It was easy for Father to say we should meditate while working. He didn't have a house, children, and a husband to take care of while meditating

by ***GENEVIEVE R. ANGIONE***

EVERY so often I have the information thrust upon me that I *must* meditate. I'm packed into a pew at noon Mass and my informant is one of the attractive young bachelors attached to our parish via Holy Orders and a word from His Excellency.

His choice of sermon is usually made on one of two occasions: (1) On a warm summer Sunday, when through the church windows is wafted to my sensitive nose the fragrance of prime roast of beef cooking to a turn in the rectory kitchen, or (2) on a Sunday when I'm not sure that one man and three children will be able to take care of one baby and a meatloaf in my own oven a mile away.

Suddenly I get sulky. Yes, you should tell me, young fellow. You have time to meditate. You also have, not only the time, but the privilege of saying Mass daily. And after you have finished meditating someone has your breakfast ready for you.

The preacher goes on and so do I, waxing mentally eloquent. You also have time to say the Office every day, visit the sick, instruct converts, chase laggards, bury the dead, comfort the sorrowful, and write sermons like this one. Bah!

The Mass ends and I dash home to some unknown calamity with only a passing memory of my annoyance during the balance of a hectic Sunday at our house.

Monday, when the smoke of battle has cleared, the kids have gone to school, Daddy is at work, and I'm doing the dishes alone with baby, a sneaking little thought crawls out of the corner of my mind. "You weren't fair yesterday, you know. All those things you were raving about are Father's *job*. If he can do all that and meditate too, why can't you?"

Oh, Brother! I'm back on the seesaw again. Father meditates when he works. I should work while I meditate.

All right! So I'm nasty. Maybe it's his job, but when Father gets around to meditation, believe me, that's different. He can step next door into our lovely old church dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. Or Father can step into the common room without having to gather dolls, blocks, color books, crayons, and other trivia before it is even humanly possible to sit down, let alone think.

He doesn't have to do the dishes for six people, either, but at the same time I'm glad I don't have to do the dishes at the rectory. The dishes there are pastel and how I hate pastel. Thank God we use our best dishes every day. The blue in them, especially in the bright sunshine this morning, does something for my soul. It's that royal blue that the Old Masters used for Mary's mantle. How do modern painters

think Mary could have gone on those walking tours of the Holy Land in a baby blue cape? There weren't any Laundromats on the road to Bethlehem, Jerusalem, or Calvary.

Come to think of it, how did Mary wash? The Bible tells about women going to the well for water, but all the Hebrew water jugs I've ever seen illustrated had narrow necks. You couldn't wash in them if you tried. No wonder St. Joseph wore brown. He probably tried to save washing, the dear man.

What did Mary do with the Christ Child when she was away? Left Him with Joseph in the shop, very likely. Maybe He had a little bed in the shop filled with shavings from a Lebanon cedar. He must have smelt so sweet when Mary came back and picked Him up, all drowsy and warm.

But what did they do when traveled?

To Jerusalem, for instance. Ima walking that far on an order from C or to have a child presented at ch We're lazy nowadays. How I hat walk to church on Sunday, even w it's a day right out of God's top dra

They had to walk to that wed party at Cana. How could you enj party after you traveled six or s miles up a dirt road. And in t sandals!

It's no wonder Our Lord was abl stand up under that terrible treatm He walked hundreds of miles in years of preaching. And Mary, no w der she was so thin. She did her s of "put-your-left-foot-down."

Oh, heck—there's a chip out of dish. How did those kids do that? T know these were made in England s or seventy years ago and can neve replaced. Darn!

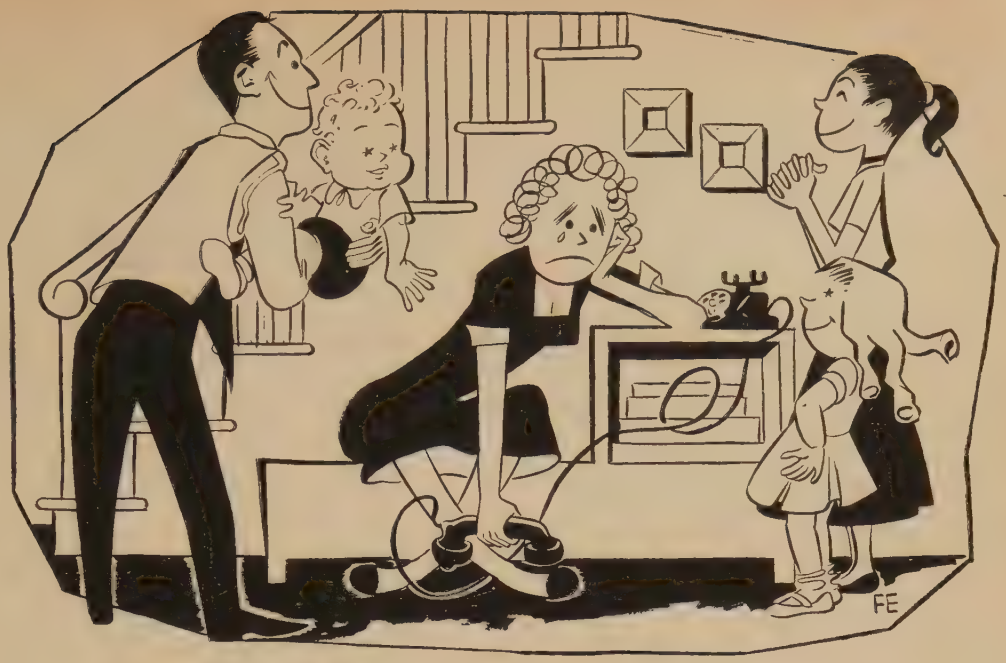
That's the trouble nowadays. We too many things, and things take your time. I'll bet Mary didn't hav these gadgets I have around here.

I wonder what Mary had for dis Herod and some of those ancient g sters had plates of silver and gold, what about the Holy Family? Did M buy them, a few at a time, from a l potter's shop, or did Joseph make t for her out of wood? Some wooden di are nice, but nothing can compare w the luscious blue, on pure white tip with gold, of my dishes.

Oh dear, the washer went off. stick those things into the drier, give place another lick, and run the swee before the mob arrives from sch Good heavens! What happened to baby? Poor lamb, I haven't heard in the past ten minutes. Oh, she's fa asleep in her pen while her mother woolgathering.

Wait a minute! Maybe that wa woolgathering. Maybe *that* was med ing while I work. Well for crying loud! Why didn't Father say that what he meant by meditation?

Mother Wins Her Wings



The entire family thought that my flying to Cleveland was just wonderful—that is, everyone but me

Flying to some people is nothing, but getting ready for my first flight was like preparing for my last days on earth

by LUCILE HASLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

HERE'S something about receiving t long-distance call that always un- es me. Even after I've made sure no one has died or—equally impor- -that the charges aren't being re- d, I still am under a strain.

e whole trouble, I think, is that een too many movies showing how tycoons handle *their* long-distance . From behind a polished desk, with arrage of ringing phones and a e Is Money" placard, the busy ty- grabs up the phone that's been ng the longest. "R. F. speaking," arks. "United Steel? Make it five and. Right!" and bangs down the er. Or, if it happens to be a social he barks: "R. F. speaking. Thurs- Sorry. I'll be in Bermuda. Make it y. Black tie? Right!" and bangs the receiver. In any event, the always barks, is always cryptic, lways makes snap decisions. Time s . . . money.

ring all this in mind, I always— ever I get a long-distance call—start out by barking. ("Susan! Turn down that radio! Janet! Find me a pencil! Louis! For heaven's sake, take Danny out in the kitchen and shut the door. *This is long distance!*")

This barking at my dear ones, however, is the best thing I do. I am not nearly so good at being cryptic or making snap decisions. That is, I'm cryptic enough but I occasionally find myself saying "Yes," very cryptically, to something I would not—under normal conditions—consider for one little minute.

A classic example of what I mean took place last May. I received a call from a Cleveland bookshop asking me if I couldn't, since I was coming to Cleveland anyway for a talk, arrive there in time for an afternoon autographing party. I replied that it was very sweet of them (which indeed it was, considering my book had already been out two years) but it would be physically impossible. The train connection to Cleveland, I said, got me in around 6 P.M.

"Yes, we know,"—said the voice from Cleveland. "But we checked the airport and there's a 12:30 plane that would reach here around two o'clock. May we make the reservations for you?"

That would be terribly sweet of them, I said, but were they sure they *really* wanted me? After all, I said anxiously, it wasn't as if I had a new book to autograph. They *were* sure? Well, then, it certainly was kind of them and I'd be only too happy . . . et cetera, et cetera.

I hung up the receiver, feeling that I'd conducted myself with considerably more poise than usual, and called to my husband that he could come out from the kitchen. "Guess what?" I said, laughingly. "Some Cleveland bookshop wants to have an autographing party for me. Of course it's perfectly ridiculous, at this late date, but wasn't it sweet of them? They're even going to make the reservations at the airport for me. The book shop manager . . . I forget his name . . . is a N.D. graduate who was in your brother Henry's class and he . . ."

I stopped. My mind backed up. My stomach went cold. Airport . . . reservations . . . what was I *saying?* This was some dreadful mistake that was happening to someone else, not me.

Me, who had never been up in a plane and who had vowed that nothing would ever *get* me up. Me, who couldn't even bear to sit in a porch swing. Me, who couldn't even bear to peer down from a double-decker bus. Me, who was as deathly afraid of planes as other people were of the atomic bomb. Me, who . . . "LOUIS!" I screamed. "I've got to *fly* to Cleveland! Go up in an *airplane!*"

"Airplane?" echoed Danny. "Daddy, is Mama going up in a real airplane? A four-motor passenger or a jet bomber? Geeee whiz, why does she get all the fun?"

"I wouldn't know," said my husband. "I've never been able to figure it out myself."

The next two weeks, as I made my last-minute preparations for what I considered my last days on earth, were packed with fun. For one thing, I intended to leave no loose ends behind me. I finished painting the white woodwork in the bedrooms upstairs and also carefully packed away, and labeled, the children's winter coats and sweaters. (Poor little motherless tykes! Who would be packing away their clothes *next* year?) I also, in the evenings, got around to finishing *War And Peace:* a project I'd started in 1935.

BUT my main project, during those two weeks, was to go around buttonholing my friends and asking if *they* had ever flown.

"Couldn't hire me," said some of them, gravely shaking their heads.

"Yes," said others. "I went up *once.* Never again."

"Oh, I simply love it," said a few of the hardier ones. "It's just like floating. Only be sure and sit in the front of the plane instead of the back. It's smoother."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the next person. "Sit in the back. Then if there's a crash you at least have one chance in a thousand of crawling out. It's the front of the plane, you know, that nosedives into the ground and bursts into flames."

"Look," I said to my husband. "Why don't I just cancel those reservations and go by train? It would mean arriving a day too early, but I'll bet Cleveland is an awfully interesting city. I could visit the public library and the court house and maybe take in a few art museums and . . ."

"Come, come," said my husband, who has never been up in a plane. "There has to be a first time for everything, you know. Besides, think how this will strengthen your character!"

I sent a brief note to Cleveland, confirming the time, and added—for the benefit of the Welcoming Committee—a thumbnail description of myself. "I will be the lady," I wrote, "that gets off the plane with a green complexion, strong character lines in her face, and wearing a beige suit."

"Don't you think," said my next-door neighbor, who was observing my daily decline, "that you're being awfully silly about this? Why don't you look at it this way? When your number's up, your number's up. Besides, wouldn't you rather have a sudden and violent death than a lingering last illness in a T.B. sanitarium or in a leper colony?"

What I really preferred, I thought to myself, was a death from natural causes at the age of ninety-five in my own bed. It was a tall order, but if you were talking about *preferences* . . .

When I picked up the evening paper, the day before my departure, it wasn't too difficult to read the handwriting on the wall. There, in big black headlines, was the heartening news that a United Airlines plane (which was to be *my* airline) coming from Cleveland (which was to be *my* destination) had crashed near Fort Wayne. Among the dead, stated the local *Tribune,* were three South Bend women who were up on their first flight.

"Now look here," said my husband, "you have to be reasonable about this. It's a terrible tragedy, of course, but it makes things better for you, mathematically speaking. By the law of averages, there won't be another crash for simply ages."

"Sure," I said feebly, "it just stands to reason." I got up and walked out to the kitchen to check the liturgical calendar hanging over the sink. Law of

The advice of friends just made the thought of the flight worse

averages or no law of averages, what I needed was some powerful heavenly intercession. Perhaps, I thought hopefully, I would be flying on some auspicious feast day—under the patronage, say, of St. Christopher or St. Jude. Dear Lord, I prayed, don't let tomorrow be just a plain old ferial day.

It wasn't a ferial day. It was labeled "Vigil of the Feast of the Ascension."

On the day of my ascension, my tire family—including my mother—dr out to the airport to see me off. T sky was as smooth and blue as a rob egg but this, I felt gloomily, did mean a thing. What did a blue sky h to do, for example, with an engine co ing out? Besides, the month of M was a perfectly ducky month, here the Midwest, for sudden electr storms. Like the one that had cau the crash two nights before.

Nor did it help my morale any wh my husband took out $10,000 worth insurance on me at the airport. "It's routine procedure," he said, in a fal hearty voice, but my children—b their little hearts—immediately brig ened. "Oh, Boy!" said Susan and Ja in a sort of Anvil Chorus. "You m we'd really get $10,000 if the pl crashed? Oh, Boy!"

As I strapped myself into my sea felt that all that was lacking was black hood, a priest in attendance, a few reporters to jot down my words. Once the motors had begun roar, however, I decided that the elec chair, while not exactly cozy, had big point in its favor. The condemn man could, as he walked the last m at least have a cigarette to soothe nerves. *I* couldn't. The lighted s over the pilot's door said I could All I could do was sit there, trapped a rat, and listen for a knock in roaring motors.

It was almost a relief when we sta roaring down the runway. I shut eyes . . . faster, faster, faster, so fas couldn't even tell when we left ground. Glory, at this rate we'd be Cleveland in another twenty minu Why, we were probably passing o Lake Erie right this minute.

The plane roared to a halt in mid "Engine trouble," I said to myself. " gine trouble over Lake Erie. I knew I *knew* it."

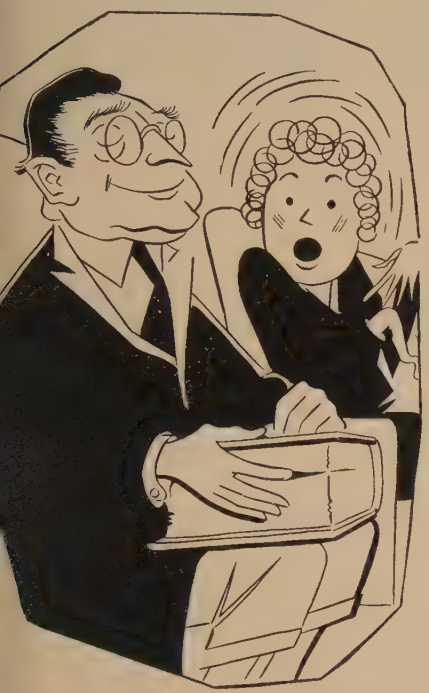
I WET my lips and leaned over to man across the aisle. "Why have stopped?" I said, in the barest of w pers. "What do you suppose is matter?"

He looked surprised. "Nothing's matter," he said. "We're just turn around on the runway." He didn't the word "Stupid!" but his look impl that there ought to be a law prevent females from boarding planes.

Again the roar of the motors. Again the faster, faster, faster . . . then, with a little lurch of the pla we left the good earth below us. Wh I finally scraped up the courage to p out my window, I realized—this t with a lurch of my stomach—that good earth was *very* far below us. O ever so often, we seemed to fall d

meet it. And, when we weren't falling rectly down, we seemed to be tilting lewise to meet it. Moreover, it was possible—considering the sounds that ere coming from the seat ahead of me o pass it off as just *my* imagination. ne man in front of me was heaving vio-ntly into his cardboard container.

I got out my container from under the at but I reminded myself, sternly, that was all a matter of mental control. I ould just concentrate on pleasant mem-ies from my past life—like climbing e sand dunes at Lake Michigan, hunt-



Closing the book he startled me with his reply, "I am in labor"

g for shells, racing into the foamy aves, eating hot dogs and potato salad. o, better not think of food—better not en think of waves. . . .

What I really needed, I decided, as e plane dropped another three feet, as a little human companionship. The an in front of me was obviously in no ndition for small talk, but what about y friend across the aisle? Like the partan he was, he was reading—or pre-nding to read—a thick volume by Ford adox Ford. There was something out him—his literary taste? his noble ow? his scholarly detachment?—that emed oddly familiar. As a faculty wife, could—so to speak—almost *smell* his ofession.

"Pardon me," I said, leaning across e aisle, "but are you, by any chance, n English professor?"

Putting his finger in Ford Madox ord, to keep the place, he closed the ook and stared somberly ahead of him. nally he spoke. "I am in labor," he id sternly.

For a startled half-second, I thought of ringing for the stewardess (heavenly days, he was in even worse shape than the man in front of me!) and then I remembered, with relief, that there was also such a thing as Labor, capital L. I racked my brains trying to think of something really intelligent to say about Labor (I just *couldn't* let this budding conversation die) and then leaned across the aisle.

"And have you," I asked brightly, "read the Pope's Encyclicals on Labor?"

"I have," he said sternly, and picked up Ford Madox Ford. *Ite, conversation est.* . . .

Ten minutes later, the Man in Labor leaned across to *me*. "But I used to be an English professor," he admitted, "at the University of Wisconsin."

I smiled and leaned back in my seat, my faith in my smelling powers justified. Only, were all Men in Labor so cautious and guarded in their statements? Who did he think I was, anyway? A stool pigeon for Senator McCarthy? At the rate he was unbending, it would take a trans-Atlantic flight, perish the thought, to even get his literary views on Ford Madox Ford. . . .

The plane dropped another three feet.

"Your attention, please," said the airline hostess. She was standing in front of the pilot's door, waiting for our undivided attention. Was she, I wondered, going to read a few prayers? Lead us in a little community singing? *Anything*, I thought, would be welcome. *Anything* to make me forget I was swaying and falling through space; that my eardrums were about to explode like Chinese fire crackers.

"We seem," announced the stewardess, in what I considered the understatement of the year, "to be having a rather rough flight. The pilot is trying to climb higher. Perhaps it will be smoother at a higher altitude. However, we ask that you keep your safety belts adjusted for the remainder of the flight. Thank you."

Then she leaned over to the passenger in the front seat and whispered something to him. He shook his head in a violent negative. Then she moved on to the next passenger and whispered in *his* ear. His hand flew to his mouth, in instinctive recoil.

What in the world was she whispering? What dread proposal was she putting up to us? Were we to take our choice of staying with the ship or jumping with parachutes?

I braced myself as she turned toward me. Dear Lord, I prayed, help me to make the right decision. Let me be a credit to my family, my country, my Church. . . .

"Would you," whispered the stewardess, "feel like some lunch? We're serving cold sliced turkey, glazed sweet potatoes, waldorf salad, and fresh strawberry shortcake. Would you care for a tray?"

"Why, yes, I believe I will," I heard myself saying, in a far-away voice. The stewardess gave me a little incredulous smile and hurried away. In a few minutes she was back with a little pillow. Did she, I wondered, think I was delirious? She put the pillow in my lap, oddly enough, and then scurried away again.

When she came back with the loaded tray, placing it *on* the pillow, I thought I detected a new attitude in her. Her first incredulity seemed to have given way to awe. She even smiled at me as if she were rather proud of me. Not so my other shipmates.

As I speared a piece of cold turkey, the Man in Labor shot me a look of positive dislike. Feeling that our friendship, which had been fragile at best, was gone forever, I decided I had nothing more to lose. Pointing to the tray, I shouted "Good!" with my mouth half full, and was rewarded with a look that defies description. The closest I could come to it would be *"Grosse bête!"* in French or "Ugh!" in the Red Man's language.

Just as I was spooning up the last drop of strawberry shortcake, the hostess announced: "Your attention, please. We will be landing at the Cleveland airport in a few minutes. We hope you have enjoyed your flight. Thank you."

It left me barely enough time to take a last swig of coffee and wipe the strawberry juice off my chin, but I couldn't help feeling it was very nice timing. I wasn't *too* sure, despite my vulgar showing-off, just how long the lunch would stay with me.

"And how," asked the one-woman Welcoming Committee at the airport, "did you enjoy your first flight?" (She recognized me right off. I guess by the strong character lines in my face.)

"Oh, it was pretty rough," I said, with all the relish of a person describing how many blood transfusions he'd needed, "but I weathered it better than the others. I was the *only* one who ordered any lunch. I guess," I added, in belated humility, "that I was just so scared that my stomach was *numb*."

The Welcoming Committee looked sympathetic. "But now that you've been up," she said, "I'll bet you'll enjoy your return flight."

I was already walking toward the airport office. "Oh, I'm canceling *that*," I said. "I'm going back on the New York Central."

After all, I'd won my wings. Just how much character did people expect of me, anyway?

1 Heavy drinking at parties is often first step to alcoholism

2 Drinking alone usually follows and is a sign of approaching danger

3 Periodic binges are the first step in the disease of alcoholism

The ALCOHOLIC and the JOB

A HUNDRED eyes stared across the office and saw at the door the miserable figure of a semifailure—forty-two years trying, two years dying. A pair of those eyes glared with justified anger at the drunken employee who had, time and time again, been excused. The fellow office workers long had been tolerant of the fun-loving frolic, but his staggers no longer drew a laugh. Rather, they were embarrassing; everyone knew the tragic story behind them. It was the story of a transformation, or deterioration, that had been in the making for two years. That day, in the middle of a busy afternoon at the large industrial office, one phase of that tragic life ended. The drunk, whom we shall refer to as Mr. X, was fired.

He was one of hundreds of thousands of persons let out for that reason throughout the nation last year. In almost every instance, those employees were more conscientious, more intelligent, and more productive workers—when they worked—than the nonalcoholic employees. But employers couldn't afford them: they were not reliable.

Compulsive drinking, that is, uncontrolled, helpless inebriation, cost the nation $1,400,000,000 during 1951 in lost wages, accidents, and institutional care. That loss has its related adverse effects on every segment of society—the home, the school, the government, and business. The drunks' time loss is at a staggering (the pun was unintentional) figure. In New York, where 700,000 persons drink too much, 595,000 of them lose an average of 22 working days a year!

Recognizing the fact that statistics are anathema to almost everybody, let's get most of them out of the way now. Authoritative estimates are that nationally 65,000,000 persons drink. Of that total, 4,000,000 drink too much, and close to 1,000,000 are problem drinkers.

Of the 700,000 in the New York area, 105,000 are described as "intractable"—psychotic, or physically damaged and in need of institutional care.

While there's no such thing as a "typical" alcoholic, medical and scientific men have found that most drunks are in the thirty-to-fifty age group, married, likeable, and good workers when sober. Incidentally, when we speak of a "drunk," we don't mean the fellow who gets an edge on at the annual office party. We mean the fellow who never gets tight on holiday eves; his benders begin when the rest of the town returns to work.

Mr. X, that drunk who was fired from the industrial plant, was sick, just as sick as the diabetic or the man who is forced to take time off during the year because of severe arthritis attacks. These latter get the sympathetic understanding they deserve. But the drunk is usually considered a moral weakling, a slothful liability on the office books and, generally, a bum with a white shirt.

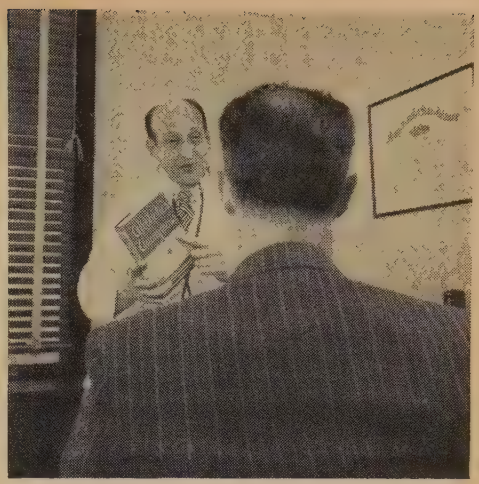
However, employer ignorance of his trouble is being replaced by familiarity with his problem. More than altruism is prompting the big industrial concerns to look deep into the matter of coping with the drunken employee. They want work for pay. Fortunately, any effort made by industry to understand and to help the drunk is just as welcome and just as beneficial to him as that made by the persons who love him, and who want so much to help him.

There's only one "but" in the recovery of an alcoholic. He can recover, but, only if he wants to recover. All the effort in the world by others won't amount to a drinker's dram if he isn't ready to quit. After the professional diagnosticians tell him what's wrong and what he can do to arrest—never cure—the disease of alcoholism that afflicts him, he is his own doctor. Usually he keeps his determination firm by joining Alcoholics Anonymous.

While it was unfortunate that the employer of our Mr. X was ignorant of the fact that he was a sick man, it was just the prod X needed. It sent him home frightened, hurt, and terribly aware of something that everyone, his wife and four school-aged children included, knew—that he could not be a social drinker; that once he took just one drink, he was headed for an ex-

ssive drinking sometimes up what was a happy home

5 *Absenteeism and poor work due to drinking may mean loss of job*



6 *Work of plant doctors and the AA help to arrest this disease*

dustry has come to recognize alcoholism as disease and it is taking steps to help rehabilitate ck employees through Alcoholics Anonymous

by JOHN P. CALLAHAN

nded bout with the bottle. One drink s too many; ten, never enough.

His wife was less concerned with the abbiness of their home than with the arks of degeneration that were fast ginning to appear: his language, first couth, had become obscene. His ess reflected a complete neglect and interest in appearance. Where once wave of his hand replaced the good ght kiss for the children on the rare casions when he saw them, now, even t was forgotten. He also had for- tten his God. The Sabbath was spent bed until shortly before the saloons ened at 1 P. M., the signal for an tended drinking session.

The weary, heartbroken wife was rough. Either he looked into Alco- lics Anonymous, she said, or they parated.

And so it was that on the evening the day he was fired he went with A. A. member friend to a meeting. At the meeting, in a community hall, . X heard one of three guest speak- from a neighboring A. A. group tell audience of about a hundred alco- lics and their friends and relatives w he had quit drinking three years lier. The speaker traced the trouble had had with alcohol for fifteen rs prior to joining A. A. after being d for drunkenness on a responsible . Mr. X thought the speaker was wing on his own recent experience h John Barleycorn, their cases were that similar. Actually, most members of A. A. tell the same story, except some hold out longer than others before joining. In every case, they came into A. A. when they "hit bottom," to use an expression peculiar to their descriptions of defeat through excessive drinking.

After the speaker's story of the plight that went with his drinking, that actually was his drinking, he unfolded a happy tale of recovery through A. A.

Within a week after attending that meeting, Mr. X got his job back, thanks to a nonalcoholic friend of A. A., an employer who became a friend of A. A.

Aided by the experience of seventeen years of A. A., industry is slowly recognizing that it can fight, along with the victims, the scourge that alcoholism is. This fourth most dreadful and most devastating disease in the world claimed 12,000 known victims last year. Unlike the so-called natural diseases, it can be controlled or arrested.

Of course, it is not simply a matter of just quitting, but really a matter of keeping alive your determination to stay away from that first drink. And, if a person wants it, there is the help that 120,000 ex-drunks will gladly give. They know and understand the problems of confusion and remorse that afflict the man or woman trying to fight his or her way back to normal. And they are happy to help in gratitude for the help that was given to them.

7 *In AA one learns to remain sober by helping fellow drinkers*

8 *Refusing strong drink at social gatherings is test of cure*

We are more concerned here with what industry is doing about the alcoholic employee than with a detailed history of alcoholism and Alcoholics Anonymous. But because A. A. is such a unique phenomenon in society, because it is completely free of materialism, it might help all of us to better

understand the informal group if we mentioned one or two facts about it that set it apart in a world pretty much preoccupied with the "gimmies," with a suspicion of anything free. A. A. is refreshing in that regard. It asks nothing of the potential member but that he or she sincerely desire to stop drinking.

A. A. has no formal membership, no dues, offers no material aid, and is not affiliated with any religious group or political party. It cares not what your social status is, nor is it concerned with even so much about you as your name, if you want it that way. However, A. A.'s, because they are alcoholics, are sociable, gregarious people, a fact that goes far to explain the success of the organization.

THE meetings are informal. A newcomer may stroll into a session, sit and listen to the speakers, partake of the customary coffee and cake, and head home without anyone having "bothered" him. Usually, though, a newcomer is easily recognized by his very effort to be inconspicuous, and is greeted by a member.

A. A. has only one purpose: to help alcoholics get and keep their sobriety, and to be happy in that sobriety. That last conjunctive phrase is the nub of it all: happy sobriety. Many non-A. A. alcoholics have been sober for various periods, but they seldom were happy, and usually returned to the bottle with destructive vehemence. That, very briefly, is A. A.

To understand what industry is doing about alcoholism among its employees, glance at this roster of some of the larger firms that are doing a mutually beneficial job: Eastman, Kodak; The Texas Company; Allis Chalmers, of Milwaukee; American Cyanamid Company; American Rolling Mill Company of Middletown, Ohio; E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, and the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, Inc.

Let's look in on the last named, Con Edison, as the company refers to itself on the thousands of signs and flags that it has posted and flapping throughout an extensive Metropolitan area. We chose Con Edison, which is the largest electric utility system in the world, because it recently disclosed the results of a program, inaugurated over four years ago, looking toward rehabilitation of the employee who did not know how to drink—and proved it. The proof took many forms, not excluding too many trips to the "dentist," "Grandma's funerals," and that ever-recurring "sore throat." (No one ever thinks of the embarrassment experienced by the poor wife or mother who has to deliver the bare-faced lies to the employer of the drunk. Both usually know, too, which makes it the more embarrassing.)

That company's program of rehabilitation for the excessive drinker began in December, 1947. The record actually began on January 1, 1948 (always a good day of resolution, that first day of the new year), and in the time since, 135 employees whose heavy drinking interfered with their work were brought to "final warning." Of that number, 53 responded quickly to comparatively simple measures—threats of time off without pay, reminders of the permanent debility that could result from continued excessive drinking, and other admonishments and advice. According to Dr. S. Charles Franco, associate medical director of the company, the 53 were "chronic excessive drinkers without psychological maladjustments,

• Maybe money talks, but ours just seems to sneak off quietly when we aren't looking.

—Quote

• The safest way to double your money is to fold it over once and put it in your pocket.

—Elbert Hubbard

reactive alcoholics, and less serious psychoneurotic alcoholics." In other words, they were uncomplicated, run-of-the-mill drunks.

The remaining 82 repeated their drunkenness. Eighteen of them were retired on pension because of age and faithful service. Thirty-seven more were discharged without pension but with separation pay over a lesser period. Eighteen responded to treatment and eventually were returned to their jobs as "arrested cases," and nine, of whom several had severe psychological disturbances, were discharged.

Thus, the overall number of employees reclaimed there was 71 of 135, or 52 per cent. Of the cases coming up for recurrent offenses, only 18 of 82, or 22 per cent, were reclaimed.

At Du Pont, Dr. George H. Gehrmann, medical director, said that A. A. had saved the lives of at least 180 employees there since 1943. It was in that year that Du Pont became one of the first major companies to recognize alcoholism as a disease and began to treat it as a health problem. Of the 76,000 workers at Du Pont, 180 are active in A. A. groups established at twenty plants. Thirty-four of them are supervisors.

"No man should be fired just because he is an alcoholic," said Dr. Gehrmann. "If an alcoholic wants to stop, he should be given a real chance. He can be helped, and he is worth helping. When an alcoholic stops drinking, he is somebody. He is a man of character and intelligence. I believe that we have actually saved the lives of 180 Du Pont employees who are in A. A. now. If these alcoholics had not joined A. A. in all probability they would be dead or insane now."

Talking about the employer's role, the doctor, who probably has dealt with more alcoholics in industry than any other medic, said this: "An employer takes less risk in hiring a member of A. A. than anyone else because such individuals know their problem, are honest with themselves and are trying to grow emotionally. He warned, however, that if an alcoholic "cannot, or does not want to stop, he should be discharged—the sooner the better."

Dismissing him under such circumstances, the doctor emphasized, "may prove a blessing to him" because "it may be just the jolt he needs" (as was the case with Mr. X, you will recall).

THE Du Pont program involves work and education with supervision throughout the company and among the individuals themselves. Meetings are held in plants and offices to acquaint management and employees with A. A. and to break down the old stigmas attached to alcoholism. The alcoholic worker is urged, but not pressured, into joining A. A.

There are many approaches to the problem by industry, and while Du Pont's sets a pattern, some of the others have merit worthy of adoption by concerns still feeling their way along. One large plant, for example, has set up a special bureau within the personnel division just to deal with the alcoholic employee. Several hundred employees are being "cased" intelligently after a therapeutic experiment conducted during the past year and a half.

Another plant hired a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. Because he knows the problem first-hand, he has had real success in getting the drinking problem employees into Alcoholics Anonymous.

Still another concern of about 4,000 employees leans heavily on the service of a community clinic for alcoholism, utilizes one man from the labor relations department as a liaison between the company, the clinic, the individual and the immediate supervisor. Then there is the company that is active in aiding the development of more effective community resources to meet the problem of alcoholism. Through its medical staff it refers employees to the community agency which, leans heavily on A. A.

Movie adaptation of Scott's classic novel stars Joan Fontaine as Rowena and Robert Taylor as Ivanhoe

STAGE and SCREEN

by ***JERRY COTTER***

iews in Brief

antry, intrigue, and knightly conflict sweep across the nicolor screen in IVANHOE, a rather free adaptation ne Scott classic. Filmed in England with Robert Taylor, Fontaine, George Sanders, Finlay Currie, and Eliza- Taylor in the leading roles, the production gives close ntion to minute detail in recreating the pageantry of and in the twelfth century. The colorful spectacle and excitements of the jousting scenes will compensate the ence for the slow pace of the adaptation and the liber- which the screenwriters have taken with Scott. Taylor, lers, and Currie are excellent, but the distaff repre- ation is colorless and unconvincing. As an exciting on spectacle, this measures up to the demands of the ly audience, even though it is not a faithful reproduc- of the medieval adventure. (M-G-M)

LOMATIC COURIER is fashioned along formula lines, emerges as a triumph of originality and imagination. odern cloak-and-dagger story in which a State Depart- t courier co-operates with Counter-Intelligence in un- ring a Soviet timetable for the invasion of Yugoslavia, has excitement, fine acting, and topical interest to mmend it for adult audiences. Tyrone Power, Stephen Nally, Patricia Neal, and Hildegarde Neff share the ors in the acting division. The realism supplied by authentic European backgrounds also contributes to the success of a rousing espionage yarn that is realistic in its suspense and convincing in its intrigues. (20th Century-Fox)

Gary Cooper eschews action for characterization in HIGH NOON, with a moderate degree of success. Though the veteran star has never been noted for his histrionic ability, he does manage to impart a measure of conviction to the role of a pioneer-day marshal waiting out the return of a vengeance-seeking criminal. The film's message, a cry for civic responsibility, is a worthy one, but a trifle too insistent to be striking. Tension is skillfully developed in this adult Western, with Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Bridges, Otto Kruger, Lon Chaney, and attractive newcomer Grace Kelly forming a capable supporting echelon. The suspense and the message work at cross-purposes occasionally, but the net effect of this deliberate-paced character study is interesting. (United Artists)

HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL? is a flapper-era fable tied up in an amusing Technicolor package. It provides Charles Coburn with a tailored opportunity as a wealthy bachelor who decides to leave his fortune to the family of the girl who had spurned him years ago. He visits the town where her grandchildren live, poses as an eccentric artist, and starts his benefactions with a mere $100,000. A frothy flashback to the silly era, replete with John Held cartoons, the Charleston, raccoon coats, and "Tiger Rag," this turns

out to be a surprisingly enjoyable family comedy. (Universal-International)

PAT AND MIKE is a Spencer Tracy-Katherine Hepburn charade geared for the mature audience and brightened by the appearances of many top-flight sports figures. The story itself is in the slick comedy style characteristic of the starring duo. This time he is a fast-talking sports promoter and Miss Hepburn a versatile girl athlete. They team up for a barnstorming tour of tennis and golf, with sports personalities Frank Parker, Don Budge, Alice Marble, Betty Hicks, and Babe Didrickson appearing briefly on the courts and the green. Dialogue, performance, and direction are all on the credit of the ledger in this adult-size frolic. (M-G-M)

SALLY AND SAINT ANNE incorporates a bit of religious fancy into an amusing story of adolescent antics and family complications. Much of the film's appeal stems from Ann Blyth's performance as a young schoolgirl who prays to

Roy Boulting who also created the tension-packed *Seven Days to Noon*. In their latest movie blueprint for suspense the collaborators dwell on the plans of saboteurs who set out to cripple England's power plants. In sequences of mounting interest and grim manhunt, a group of Communist agents are tracked down by Yard investigators and Military Intelligence. While the skeleton of the plot is basic and familiar, it is handled with typical artistry and unhurried style. Liam Redmond, of the Abbey Theatre, Mary Morris, Andre Morrell, Anthony Bushell, and a large cast contribute splendid performances. This gripping jigsaw will hold audiences of every age spellbound. (Pace maker)

WHERE'S CHARLEY? proves to be every bit as sprightly and entertaining in the British-made Technicolor treatment as it was for three Broadway seasons. Most of the credit belongs to Ray Bolger, whose dancing-clowning artistry is in

★ *Ann Blyth before her patron's statue in "Sally and St. Anne"*

★ *Bewigged Ray Bolger plays hostess in this scene from hit, "Where's Charley?"*

Saint Anne and finds her requests granted in unusual ways. She becomes quite a sensation among her schoolmates and is deluged with lists of petitions. As the years go by, the problems become more complex, but "Sally" always receives an answer to her prayers. The family backgrounds are amusingly developed with the aid of Edmund Gwenn and a likeable cast. (Universal-International)

Admirers of the Martin and Lewis style will probably enjoy JUMPING JACKS, in which the uninhibited clowns join the paratroops. This time the slim, but frenzied, story is built around an attempt to put on a series of camp shows. There are some fast-paced slapstick routines played in zany manner by the stars and a few hilarious capers built around GI training and battle maneuvers. Mona Freeman, Don DeFore, and Robert Strauss are inconspicuously among these present, but this is all Martin and Lewis. (Paramount)

British ingenuity in the art of mystery-making is as pronounced in the movie field as on the printed page. HIGH TREASON was written and directed by Frank Harvey and

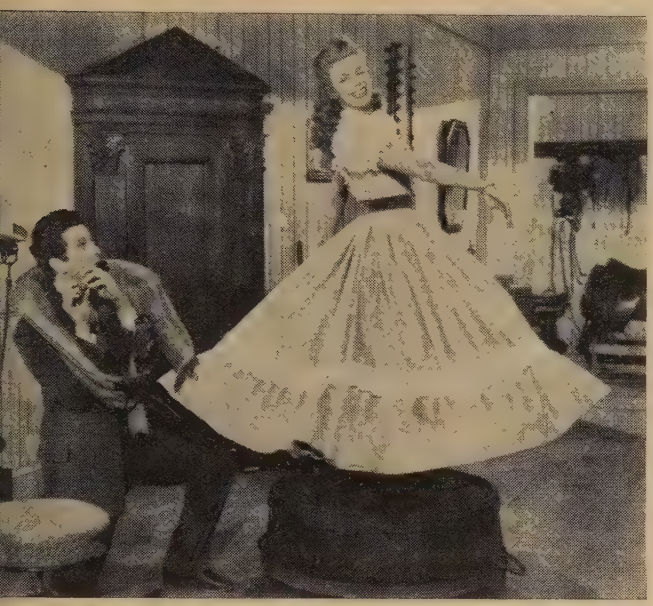
class by itself. This version of the perennially popular *Charley's Aunt* was filmed on the grounds of Oxford University, with Allyn McLerie, Robert Shackleton, and Horace Cooper of the Broadway cast retained in leading roles. They and the British actors who cavort through the frantic situations of this farce, are excellent—but it is Bolger you'll remember. Whether he scurries around in his ludicrous masquerade, dances to the beguiling "Once in Love with Amy," or merely struts before the camera, he is superb. This is a frolic for the entire family and one of the year's best movie musicals. (Warner Brothers)

Grover Cleveland Alexander is the subject of the latest diamond biography in THE WINNING TEAM. It would seem that several points of the story are open to question on factual grounds, but with Mrs. Alexander listed as the film's technical adviser, the objection becomes academic. Withal the clichés and routine plotting, the career of "Alex the Great" makes an absorbing family movie. Ronald Reagan is credible as the pitching hero of the '26 Series with Doris Day and Frank Lovejoy giving him strong support. Newsreel shots of the era's baseball classics add realism

d nostalgia to an interesting baseball yarn. (Warner os.)

HE WILD HEART is an incredibly dull and amateurishly embled production in which the beautifully photo-aphed Welsh countryside offers the sole compensation. nnifer Jones is cast as an untutored gypsy girl who arries a gentle parson and then proceeds to run off with e brutal squire, returns to her husband, and finally dies ile shielding her pet fox from a pack of hounds. In iting, performance, and direction, this is curiously inept, th the production carrying an added handicap in its empt to excuse the immorality of the principals. Con-sted with the story's derelictions, the Technicolor camera ves vivid life to the Welsh locale and is usually successful overshadowing the banalities of the script. (RKO-Radio)

a more sentimental mood, the Stephen Foster saga is told in I DREAM OF JEANIE. Twenty-one of Foster's



★ *Bill Shirley as Stephen Foster plays a tune for Eileen Christy in "I Dream of Jeanie"*

rable melodies are incorporated in the story and quite turally supply the production highlight. The composer's -starred career is narrowed down here to a depiction of ents leading to the creation of the title song. Ray Mid-eton's stirring voice is heard in such favorites as "My ld Kentucky Home" and "The Old Folks at Home," while ll Shirley, as the insecure Foster, Muriel Lawrence, Eileen hristy, and Lynn Bari offer convincing performances. he minstrel show scenes, fine Trucolor photography, and e nostalgic score make this an unusually entertaining mily musical. (Republic)

he New Plays

ight club comics, blackouts, and humor have been trans-anted to the stage in NEW FACES OF 1952. Some of the aterial is clever, parts are in the smutty tradition of the stros, and a good bit of it is dull. While there seem to be prospective hit songs in the score, there are a striking mber of talented young entertainers in the cast. Ronnie raham, Eartha Kitt, Rosemary O'Reilly, Patricia Ham-merlee, Robert Clary, and the other enthusiastic cast members are refreshing and talented. They manage to act as if the material provided for them is much better than it actually is.

WISH YOU WERE HERE focuses attention on the scamperings of city vacationers, spending their two hectic weeks at a Catskill camp where sound and fury substitute for relaxation, and "romance" is organized on the same basis as sports. Despite the novelty of a swimming pool onstage, complete with mirrors and water, to plague the heat-weary audience, this is a tasteless and singularly unattractive variation on the play, *Having A Wonderful Time*. Whereas the original had moments of tenderness and charm, this is merely brash and loud. Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, John Perkins, and Sidney Armus have the burden of the plot and a score that is merely adequate.

"The Miracle" and The Future

The Supreme Court ruling that New York State's ban of Rossellini's sacrilegious film is unconstitutional solves nothing and opens a Pandora's Box. In following the Holmesian theory that there are no absolutes and that sacrilege is inherently subjective, the Court took its stand on the side of those who are pushing this nation toward complete secularization. A movie may be banned on grounds of obscenity, libel, or incitement to riot, but not on grounds of sacrilege or blasphemy. With the confusion characteristic of its recent reasoning, the *New York Times* hailed the decision by stating: "It would wreck American life if one group set out deliberately to ridicule or lampoon the deepest religious feelings of another group. We want none of that. But it would also wreck the basic structure of our society if one group set out to impose its religious standards upon every other group." With the sanction of the Supreme Court, the way is now open for every Rossellini, in Hollywood and Europe, to promulgate whatever profanation may strike his fancy.

The Red Issue

The problem of past and present Communist influence in its ranks has risen again to plague the motion picture industry. A loyalty investigation is now underway, prompted by the industry's own desire to clean house and by information supplied by the House Un-American Activities Committee and the American Legion. That the great majority of motion picture workers have been and are loyal Americans is no more in doubt than the fact that there have been many who were not. By their own sworn admission there have been Communists in positions where they could influence script treatments and purchases. It is to Hollywood's advantage to discover whether more remain on the payroll.

Ingrid Bergman

The undercover campaign to reinstate Ingrid Bergman in public favor suffered a severe and jolting setback in her daughter's recent court testimony. Plans to create a "public demand" for the star's return to Hollywood have been advanced in the past year through sentimental picture layouts in the magazines, sob-sister interviews from Italy, and press "feelers" announcing that Miss Bergman may be "induced" to return to Hollywood. There is a large investment to be salvaged in the Bergman career. The present great obstacle to the success of the campaign is a young girl's simple statement: "I don't know my mother very well."

Little Caesar's

Petrillo's power is such that his recording ban wiped out an industry from August 1942 to November 1944

THERE is not another union leader in this nation who would dare talk as bluntly and frankly as Petrillo. That frankness has been interpreted as brutality. It has turned him into the symbol of arrogant union leadership and dictatorship. But Petrillo says he had to be tough. When he took over there were only 137,000 musicians unionized out of a potential 250,000. And many of them were earning a meager living on three nights a week pay for playing at banquets and weddings. Canned music had not only driven the musician from the taverns, but radio stations were firing their live music makers at such a rate that soon the Federal Communications Commission was to report that broadcasters were giving employment at the rate of less than one third of one fulltime musician per station. No one could live on so little. And the musicians were being replaced by recordings made for home use on the new electric victrolas. Later Petrillo was to tell a Congressional committee that:

"Gentlemen, we could go back to the iceman and even the iceman did not make the frigidaire, but the musican makes progress. *He* puts himself out of work and I repeat the statement that if this committee can show the AFM a situation in which any industry will make an instrument to close the doors of that industry then the AFM is willing to play at its own funeral and put itself out of business. . . . I wish somebody would worry about what is going to happen to the musician, our musician, your musician, your son and your daughter. We are looking for help. We don't want to destroy, but we are being destroyed. . . . All we are asking here: Do we live, gentlemen, or don't we live at our picked profession? A musician can't make any money unless he spends thousands of dollars on tuition and it is fifteen years before a decent contractor will give him work on a decent job. And his life is very short: ten or twelve years and he is out of the profession again. The turnover, gentlemen, every five years is terrific."

Today's employment statistics bear him out. Only 475 of the 9,849 theaters in this country which seat more than 500 movie and playgoers employ musicians. The major movie producers hire only 339 musicians. Recordings gave two or more sessions pay to only 8,218 sidemen. Burlesque uses only 153. Drama and the musical comedies about 1,400. Vaudeville, 1,787. Opera and the ballet, 743. And there are 22 fully employed organists in these United States.

So Petrillo says he had to be tough and will continue to put out his chin until all "his boys" find work.

Which accounts for such dictatorial actions as ordering such artists as Heifetz, Zimbalist, and Iturbi to join his union by the Labor Day after he was elected national president. He was going to unionize everything. But Lawrence Tibbett rushed to their defense, for they were members of his American Guild of Musical Artists. Tibbett tried to get an injunction to save the virtuosos from the sewer digger's proletarian union of fiddlers and horn blowers. But Petrillo won. Today the AGMA is almost defunct.

"Next thing I did," Petrillo told this writer, "was to go after the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This had to be done first if I wasn't to be shown up as unable to unionize the big boys. Henry Cabot of the Boston Cabots was treasurer of the Symphony association, the lawyer of the family which talks only to God in Boston. But he wouldn't listen. Awright. So I stopped the orchestra from broadcasting. Then I cut off its road trips. So the people from Carnegie Hall come running.

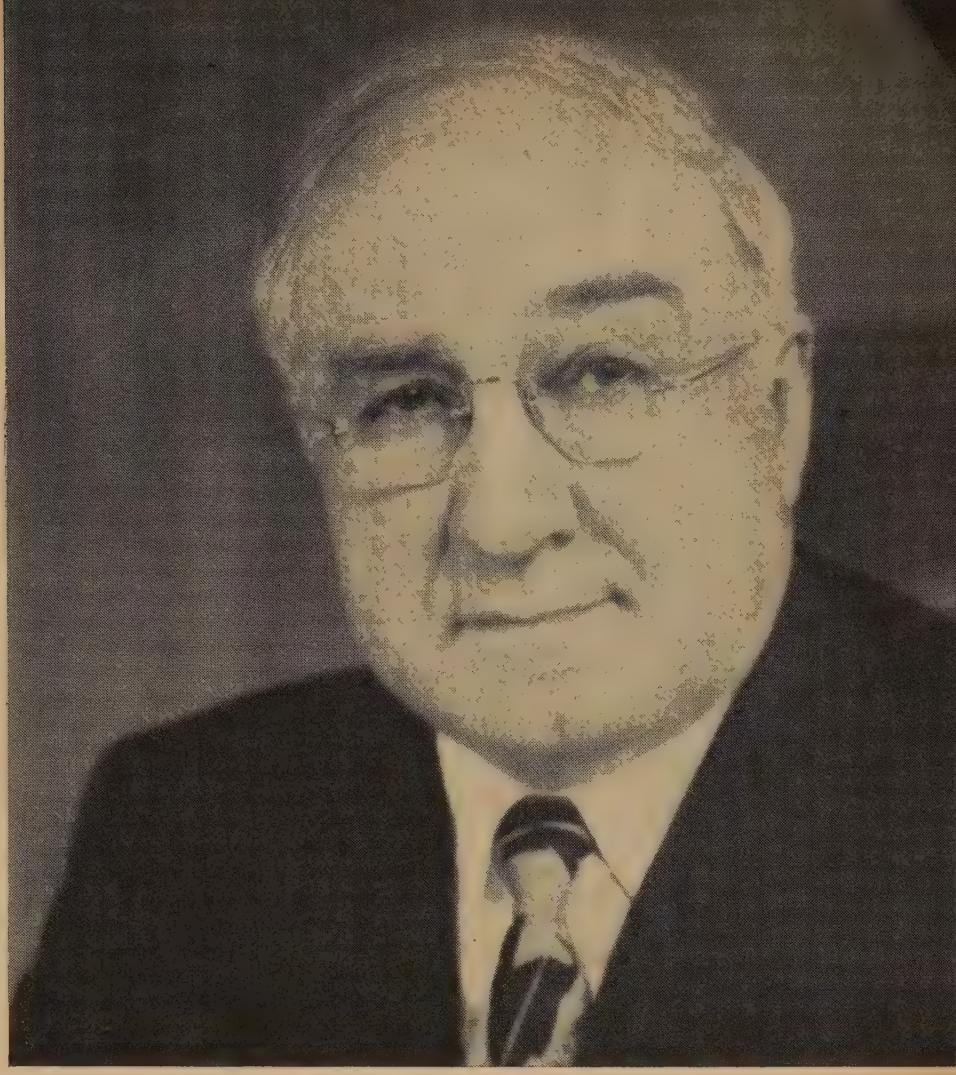
"And I tell the bums if that orchestra comes into Carnegie Hall, no other musicians will step into the hall. That makes Koussevitzky mad. So I start talking to him on the side! 'Why you, a great conductor,' I says on the q.t., 'must be isolated in Boston.' He couldn't take it. He got mad. I got a meeting. Koussevitzky had a summer home in the Berkshires. So he and the Orchestral Association, a committee of the players, myself, and this guy Cabot go up there. Everybody is sitting around stiff. So I ask, 'Hey, Koussy, how about a drink?' This breaks the ice in that beautiful home atop of that hill. So they sign up

Acme photo

Appearing before the House Labor Committee in '48, Petrillo consented to being televised despite his ban on medium then

Crusade

by
VICTOR RIESEL



James Caesar Petrillo, president of the AFM

ıd immediately get into the black ter sixty-one nonunion years. Now at fellow Cabot, he's talking to more an God. He talks to me. He comes to see me three times a year. We're st friends. So I have all the symonies, and the three hundred violins and pianists, despite Tibbett who ys he had AFL permission to speak r the Spauldings and all those other tists."

At this point Petrillo jumped up and th a mock gesture imitated the very rmal stances of the concert soloists.

But Petrillo's big job was the recordings. Everything else was unionized 0 per cent. So at the Dallas convenon in 1941, Petrillo turned Caesar ain and banned all musical recordings ter 1942. War came and the storm oke over Petrillo. President Franklin elano Roosevelt summoned him to ashington for a conference after the tion's leaders bitterly charged the lit- musician with injuring wartime orale. That full story has never been d. Here it is:

Petrillo was eager to get from Chicago Washington. But not to yield one bit the recordings ban. Jimmie Caesar d this writer, that there he was, a le Chicago Italian, son of a sewer ger, and by profession a horn tooter. ere he was going to see the embattled esident of the United States in the dst of war. Petrillo was proud. All wanted was to have his picture taken ng into the White House front door. d all the way down on the Pullman eper he tossed through the night rearsing a speech. "Mr. President, we, e musicians of this nation . . ." and on over and over. Finally, there was ion Depot. He rushed into a cab, d rather pontifically shouted "Driver 600 Pennsylvania Ave." "Awright," pped the harrassed and shell-skinned ital cabbie, "Awright, Bud, just say White House, don't get fancy." So rillo said, "Please don't bother me, 1 get me there." All the way they ued, with Jimmie trying not to forhis speech and the stance to take when being photographed by the White House camera corps. Finally, they arrived outside the well-patrolled gate. But the angry driver, anxious to drop his fare, left Jimmie off at the north end!

Out springs Petrillo and demands of a guard: "Where's President Roosevelt?"

Before he knew what had occurred, he was in the guard house with a bayonet pressed against his throat by an eager young GI who saw his first chance for action in World War II.

"Every time I opened my jaw to tell that snip who I was, he almost cut my throat. He never moved except to jab that bayonet. Finally, the secret service came. 'Who're you?' a wise guy asks. 'I'm Petrillo,' I scream, 'and I've got an invite to see Mr. Roosevelt.' So what happens. He apologizes, brushes me off, and—what do you know—he takes me in the back way where there wasn't a single photographer. So I get no picture."

Nor did he spend much time with FDR, who said there was too much canned music in the country, and then spent fifteen minutes urging Petrillo to spend $250,000 to bring the symphonies down state from the big cities in each area so the slum areas could hear good music. Good for civilian moral. And out went Mr. Petrillo. Despite all stories, there was no talk of lifting the ban. Later Mr. Roosevelt did send a wire, after much business pressure, urging the ban on recordings be lifted. Jimmie retorted by wire—no. Then Jimmie Byrnes and Judge Vinson called him in and showed him telegrams to Mr. Roosevelt urging the White House to take over the recording companies and warning him that failure to do so would force them to throw advertising into the newspapers saying the President was backing up Petrillo's dictatorial action which had done the amazing thing of wiping out an American industry from August 1942 to November 1944.

But Petrillo never budged until the day after the fourth term election. Then NBC chief, Niles Trammel, called from New York.

"Jimmie, we want to make a deal," he offered.

"I'm not coming to New York to listen to a lot of bunk," Petrillo shot back.

But Trammel said this was it. And Petrillo won what many think was the toughest strike in recent labor history.

Thus, today, Mr. Petrillo has 250,000 unionized followers. He has a welfare fund, created by a tax on the recordings, which has enabled him to spend $4,500,000 on free music and make thousands of jobs for his people by organizing orchestras everywhere and paying the men out of the fund. His union has even won a court decision which says that a labor dispute exists whenever "a union is fighting to maintain its employment against labor-saving devices which are in direct competition with human labor." And so he now can picket any station which decides to fire its orchestra and use only canned music.

HE is going after the disc jockey programs. These simulate a live show by use of a device which edits in on the musical tape recordings old interviews with top names in the musical field. The station's record player simply plays a piece by one of the swing kings, then slips in a taped recording of the interview held elsewhere to lend the impression that king swing is in the studio. Only recently Petrillo wrote to twenty of the nation's most popular band leaders for data on the interviews. Next step will be to ban the disc jockeys.

But it is wrong to intimate that Petrillo fears nothing. He fears germs more than anything in this happy world of his. He will never shake hands except with the President of the U. S. Last Christmas some of his friends gave him a one-fingered glove—the cover going for the pinkie. On meeting anyone he simply extends a crooked pinkie, locks it in the newcomer's pinkie, and pumps away. If he's exceptionally fond of someone, he will also place his hand on the newcomer's sleeve.

"Germs, they get on your fingers when you shake hands and then they get into your mouth and then you lose your teeth. Never shake hands. Use your pinkie," he once told friends.

When this writer asked Petrillo if he were going to the AFL's annual convention in St. Paul last year, Jimmie said no, very emphatically. Asked why, he indicated he might go to jail there, for there is still a warrant hanging over him in the twin city for some defiance of an injunction. I was surprised that he, at this stage, would fear jail, and I told him so.

"It isn't jail," he said. "It's germs. Those cells are full of them."

This phobia springs from the death of a young son from an infection which resulted from a football injury.

All this, and a Quixotic sense of humor, has given wide circulation to the impression that Jimmie Petrillo is also a clown. Once, when I led a group of newsmen to a party in his suite at the ultramodern skytop Terrace Plaza hotel in Cincinnati, we found him playing with gadgets which controlled the beds. One switch swings out the beds and lights a hidden bulb. Another rolls the couch back into the wall. There was Jimmie gleefully riding the beds back and forth, controlling them with the care a pilot takes with his generator switches.

Another time in his Washington Hotel Statler rooms, I arrived to find him in his shorts and full-dress shirt. His tickets to the $100-a-plate Democratic Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner had gone astray.

"Those bums lost my tickets," he complained, referring to Jake Arvey, the Chicago political leader who was supposed to have dropped them off at the hotel.

"Why don't you pull out the orchestra if they don't let you in, Jimmie," I suggested in my helpful way. "They're your members."

He grinned.

"Tell you what I'm goin' do," he said striding ludicrously for the telephone. "I'm going to pull out the President. Harry's a member of my union, paid-up piano player. No Petrillo. No music. No presidential speech."

His publicity adviser, knowing him full well, began sweating it out. With Petrillo any gag was possible.

I've seen him open an annual national musicians convention in Asbury Park by wrestling right on the speakers' platform, with some swaying Hawaiian dancers sent all the way from the Islands to start the sessions in the proper mood. I've seen him publicly insult his lawyers because they wrote contracts in such small print that he had to buy two different kinds of eyeglasses. I've seen him get into a street band and lead it. I've heard him ridicule himself because he had no education and lost bets that there was no original light on the moon, just reflected sunlight. He has put on cap and sweater every Christmas in Chicago, gotten a big band behind him, and sold as much as $1200 worth of newspapers in an annual competition run by ex-news hawkers who became famous. And I've heard him tell President Truman not to worry about any election, Jimmie will always see that his dues are paid up and have a piano-playing job ready if the Republicans sweep in.

But no real clown is James Caesar Petrillo. It only seems so. Everything has a meaning all its own. When, for example, some bargaining session with employers gets too heated, Petrillo will reveal exactly the kind of polished student he is of human emotions. Almost always he breaks the tension by dancing a jig, reciting some story in which he is the butt of the joke, or getting off some tale on some national personality. Tension eases immediately and many a strike has been avoided. What few people realize is that the recording ban was the only serious stoppage Petrillo has ever called.

The time to see the real Petrillo is in the early morning hours, when after a night of gulping tens of tins of beer and sandwiches (he doesn't go for whiskey), he abandons the clown and

International photo

Petrillo meeting with the heads of the major broadcasting companies in 1951 reached a settlement that avoided a strike

urns economist and sociological analyst. On such a morning he said recently:

"I built this union by trying to be air with the employer and the musicians. I always tell the men the truth. 've never played politics with them. Never promised the impossible. Since 've been here we have never had a trike on the radio chain companies. Not ince the existence of chain radio, which started back in 1925. If we did ull a strike, one program at a time. It vas nothing the chain did. It was some ittle station we couldn't bring into line.

"Our Federation has never had a trike outside the canned music thing. Remember how we helped radio grow. Back in Chicago when it was new, we et the bands go on for nothing, just o get publicity. When audiences were ducated to good music, I walked in nd said, 'I want a minimum of 10 men n each station.' I got it. Then 15 men. Now we have a 45-man minimum in ach Chicago station, exclusive of the taff pianist and organist and 93 pancake urners (record players). Only thing f its kind in the country. We played air with them. The bosses played fair ith us.

"In dealing with good employers, I eal fairly and squarely and I've never ad difficulty."

THE musicians, for example, have no written contract for the big Balaban nd Katz theater chains in Chicago. When the oral contract expires, they ust get each other on the phone and ay, "Let's continue at such and such ates." That's all.

"This last deal with Nick Schenck of MGM came when I was up in the White Mountains and he was in his office. Two hone calls settled it. It was for eight ajor movie companies in Hollywood. haven't a contract with the Schubert Houses. I haven't had any for years. ust my word and theirs.

"And that's what I tell my conventions. If there is only two bucks in the oint, you can't get five. I tell them a stick-up man walked in and the guy ad only two dollars and the goon said ive me five or I kill you, boom, the uy's dead. And no five bucks. Same ith employers."

That's why, not too long ago, Frank White, president of the Mutual Broadasting System, said:

"I'd rather have Petrillo's handshake n the men's bar at the Waldorf (his angout) than a good many labor leads' on the dotted line in a conference."

Petrillo always says to contrast this ttitude with John Lewis' actions.

"Lewis could have got exactly what e's been getting without his strikes, especially the last one," Petrillo will roar. If the employers accept his demands for the first time he moves them up. I say to you that no employer can be fair to a labor leader of that kind. If I was the employer I wouldn't deal with that kind of a labor man. There's no fairness in that kind of thing. He's the only one who doesn't walk in with demands. Would Phil Murray say, "I'm going to call a strike tomorrow and then I'll let you know what we want?' That's like Korea. They start a fight first and then announce they want to unify the country. A good labor leader doesn't want strikes. It costs money his men can never get back."

James Caesar Petrillo's political views are as strong as his industrial policies. Here he parts company with many of his colleagues in the AFL.

"You can put me down 100 per cent against running the government by labor," he told this writer after the intensification of labor's political action this past fall.

"I don't think we've been able yet to do things we could have done for the working men and women because of our squabbling and the splitting up of the movement.

"I think a lot of our strength has been thrown away because we haven't been able to co-operate with one another as labor leaders and labor unions. There is no such thing as co-operation with labor unions in most cases—no such thing as one union helping the other. We have to do that first. When we accomplish this, then we should be able to tell the people that we want something. But I'm against any labor government in this country."

I asked, "Why?"

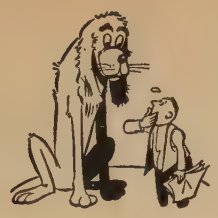
"Why? There's a million reasons why. I don't believe in the rich or the poor man running the country. I don't believe in the employer or the worker running the country. I believe in liberal policies that take care of all. We'd get too cocky. I know the minute you say you can't fire a guy you can't do a thing with him. He won't sit on a chair where there is a little dust.

"I think the labor people ought to stay in the labor movement and follow the Gompers' philosophy (defeat your enemies and elect your friends). Have enough power in politics so that the politician would respect your power and give you the fair deal you're entitled to. A labor party is practically everything for the labor man and nothing for the investor. It may not start out that way but it'll wind up that way. It would never work under the capitalistic system and I'm for it myself. If capitalism goes out of business, it will be because of their own shortsightedness for not giving the labor men more of the profits of the company.

"Remember, I went to the Democratic convention in Philadelphia back in '48. In 1932 and 1940 there were so many labor leaders you could step all over them. They knew FDR would be elected. But in 1948 at the Philadelphia convention, they were hard to find because the word went around that Truman couldn't win. But I was there with my badge.

"I would sooner go down in defeat with a friend than go out just to win power with anybody."

Never has any labor leader spoken in such a fashion. But lack of precedence is something that never disturbs James Caesar Petrillo.



Right At Home

▶ An elderly man answered his doorbell and found a friend and a large dog standing on the porch.

"Come in," he said heartily, "come in."

So his friend entered, followed by the dog. During the next hour, the animal knocked over an expensive vase, chased the host's cat up the stairs and crashed into a grandfather's clock, upset the man's wife, who was carrying a stack of dishes, and finally plopped down in the best chair in the living room.

When the guest arose to leave, his host handed him his coat and hat in relief. But when he started out without the dog, it was more than his host could bear.

"Aren't you forgetting your dog?" he asked sarcastically.

"Dog?" asked his friend. "I have no dog. I thought he was yours!"

—Stanley J. Meyer

THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

God the Father

Why is there no special feast day dedicated to God the Father?—W. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA., W. N., BALTIMORE, MD.

At first thought, it may seem strange that there is no special feast day in honor of the First Person of the Divine Trinity. But ever since the mystery of the Trinity was made known to us by the Son Incarnate, heretics have so distorted the revealed picture that there is constant danger lest a handle be given to misunderstanding. Among ourselves, we are accustomed to think of nature and person according to a ratio of one to one. In God, however, there are three distinct Persons, but only one and the very same, identical Nature. No wonder, then, that in reference to this most unique of all mysteries, St. Augustine declared: "Nowhere else are more dangerous errors made, or is research more difficult, or discovery more fruitful." As a matter of fact, there are no feast days dedicated in a separate way to the Second or the Third Persons of the Trinity—except in connection with Their missions or work in this world, such as Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost. God the Father has had no such mission—He it is who sent the Son into the world; and together with the Son, He sent the Holy Spirit. All three Divine Persons are jointly honored by the feast of the Blessed Trinity, with a duly balanced emphasis upon their oneness and identity of Nature.

In this connection, Pope Leo XIII declared, in his encyclical letter on the Holy Spirit: "The danger that arises is lest the Divine Persons be confounded one with another in faith or worship, or lest the one Nature in Them be separated. Therefore, our predecessor, Innocent XII, absolutely refused the petition of those who desired a special festival in honor of God the Father. For although the separate mysteries connected with the Incarnate Word are celebrated, . . . there is no special feast on which the Word is honored according to His Divine Nature alone. And the feast of Pentecost was instituted, . . . not simply to honor the Holy Ghost in Himself, but to commemorate His coming —His external mission. All this has been wisely ordained, lest from distinguishing the Persons, men should be led to distinguish the divine essence."

From Bad to Worse

Can one mortal sin be worse than another?—W. K., PHILADELHPIA, PA.

All mortal sins have one thing in common, and in that sense, one is as bad as another. A mortal sin—whether consisting of thought, word, action, or omission—is a very serious offense against God, committed knowingly, freely, in disregard of God, and regardless of its grave and possibly everlasting consequences. By jeopardizing his own best interests, a person sins mortally against himself as well as against God.

However, mortal sins differ one from another and ar the worse in ratio to several factors, such as the nature o the evil done, and circumstances which add to guilt. Fo example, while every sin is an offense against God, sin committed against Him directly are the worst of all, such a blasphemy, the extremes of presumption and despair, dese cration of the Blessed Sacrament, and the like. Abortion i more serious than theft or "character assassination" by lying for in the two latter cases restitution can be made, but mur der cannot be undone. Personal wrongdoing is one thing and bad enough, but if it involve physical or moral harm t another, it is the worse on that score, as in the case o scandalous bad example. To conclude—the Searcher o Hearts adjudges the kinds and degrees of guilt with divinely discriminating finesse.

Papal Bull

What is meant by a Papal Bull?—B. F., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

In this case, the term "bull" is an English equivalent of th Latin, meaning "bulla" or seal. A Papal Bull is the mos important kind of document issued by the Vicar of Christ it is inscribed on a dark parchment, to which cords are at tached by a leaden seal. If the decree be unfavorable t someone, by way of condemnation, the cord is of hemp; i favorable—as in the case of the designation of a bishop, o the approval of a religious community, the cord is of silk The leaden seal shows on one side the likeness of the Apos tles Peter and Paul; on the other, that of the Suprem Pontiff who issues the Bull. The document opens with th name of the Pope—for example, "Pius, Servant of the Ser ants of God," and concludes with a reference to the plac where issued, the day, month, and year, and the particula year of the Holy Father's pontificate.

Sponsor by Proxy

Since the person I want to depend on as godmother fo my baby cannot attend the baptism personally, can I ar range for someone to represent her?—V. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y

According to Canon 764 of the Church's Code of Law, on sponsor will suffice, even though of the opposite sex to th person to be baptized. At most, two sponsors are admissibl —a godfather and godmother. The usual practice of engag ing two sponsors is advisable, because of the responsibilit assumed by godparents. Theirs is not a merely honorar function. Besides being official witnesses of the baptism, the shoulder a serious obligation to provide for the religiou education of the baptized child, in the event that parent are unable to do so.

You may arrange that the godmother you can depen upon be represented by a proxy. At the moment of baptism the proxy must hold or contact the infant, just as the god mother would do if present. It is only congruous that th

proxy be a Catholic. The names of both the responsible sponsor and his or her proxy should be entered in the baptismal register.

No Faith—No Charity

Please explain why it is that the virtue of faith is insisted on as so important. Speaking of faith, hope, and charity, didn't Our Lord say "the greatest of these is charity?"—L. H., NORFOLK, VA.

Your quotation is from the first epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. (13:13) The relationship among the virtues of faith, hope, and charity is quite easy to understand, for although these virtues have to do with what is moral, supernatural, and eternal, their interaction resembles a very natural process which we go through almost every conscious moment.

No matter what we may strive after, we must first of all know of it as something worthwhile. Just because we so recognize it, our hopes are enkindled, then we strive hopefully until we attain it. Hope and love or charity stem from the human will; but the human mind does the reconnoitering for the will. We do not and cannot love or hope for something or somebody not known. For that reason, knowledge must prepare the way for hope and love—regardless of whether we attain our knowledge scientifically or by faith.

In the case of divine faith, we accept knowledge on the unassailable testimony of God, the Font of all truth. But unless there be faith as a foundation, how can we logically build our hopes upon His promises, how can we be attracted to Him by love? For that reason, the Council of Trent refers to faith as "the beginning of human salvation." Hence, this virtue has a unique importance, and "without faith it is impossible to please God." (Hebrews 11:6)

At the same time, however, faith is only a prelude to hope and love. We should hope and strive and love consistently with our knowledge or faith—otherwise our knowledge or faith is sterile, we live illogically and cheat ourselves. That is what St. James meant when he said: "Faith, if it have not works, is dead." (2:17) And in that sense, charity is the greater virtue, for it is the consistent culmination of the process begun by faith, it is the flowering out of *fruitful* faith.

Fraud

Is there any prospect of having my daughter's marriage annulled? The non-Catholic whom she married lied in claiming to have been baptized; also in making the solemn promises before marriage, for now he refuses to let the baby be baptized and wants my daughter to give up her Faith.—P. B., QUINCY, MASS.

Either directly or through your parish priest, the case will have to be submitted to the matrimonial court of your diocese. If the manifold fraud that you allege can be duly proved, it would seem that there is sufficient ground for a declaration of nullity. It goes without saying that any such declaration would not be equivalent to a civil divorce: it would be a legal judgment on the part of the Church to the effect that the marriage was invalid.

Mixed marriages are of two kinds—with a baptized and with an unbaptized non-Catholic. Each kind calls for a different dispensation. If it be true that your supposed son-in-law was not baptized, and if that fact was not covered by the dispensation obtained, then the marriage was invalid. Furthermore, if it can be proved that the man made the solemn prenuptial promises fraudulently, that would be a basis for an annulment. Had the fraud been detected prior to the marriage ceremony, the dispensation would not have been granted. If the faith of the Catholic party and the Catholic education of all offspring be not guaranteed by honest to goodness prenuptial promises, the marriage is forbidden not only by the Church but also by the divine law.

No Contradiction

The Church claims, or admits, that God's revelation to the world at large was completed by the time of the death of St. John—the last Apostle to die. As I understand it, infallibility is supposed to interpret what is revealed. But the canonization of saints is not revealed—or else revelation is still incomplete, for the Church claims to be infallible in canonizing saints.—P. I., DENVER, COL.

The contradiction in the Church's claims, which you seem to imply, is based upon a confused understanding—a misunderstanding of several factors. First of all, public revelation, or God's revelation to the world at large, was completed for all time at the death of St. John. But the infallibility of the Church, as promised and bestowed by Christ, is not confined to the interpretation of revelation.

The scope of infallibility, or the extent of its function, must be measured by the very purpose of such Divine assistance. That purpose is to guide the Church in *all* matters of faith and morals. Most items pertaining to faith and morals are contained in revelation—in Tradition, if not in the Scriptures. However, other very practical issues arise from time to time, which clamor for the guidance of infallibility. Although issues of that kind are not covered—at least not directly or entirely—by revelation, faith or morals or both are nonetheless at stake. Therefore, it is within the infallible competence of the Church to come to grips with any such issue. Examples will help clarify your problem.

The Rules of Life for religious orders have been composed by their founders since the close of revelation. But any such Rule is a guide for thousands of souls. Supposedly the Rule is conducive not only to salvation but even to refined and heroic sanctity. It is obvious that in giving solemn and final approval to such a Rule, the Church *must* be able to assure those concerned that their way of life is in harmony with revealed faith and morals. Otherwise, her teaching power would fall short of its very purpose, her infallibility would not meet the need, and thousands of souls could be misled.

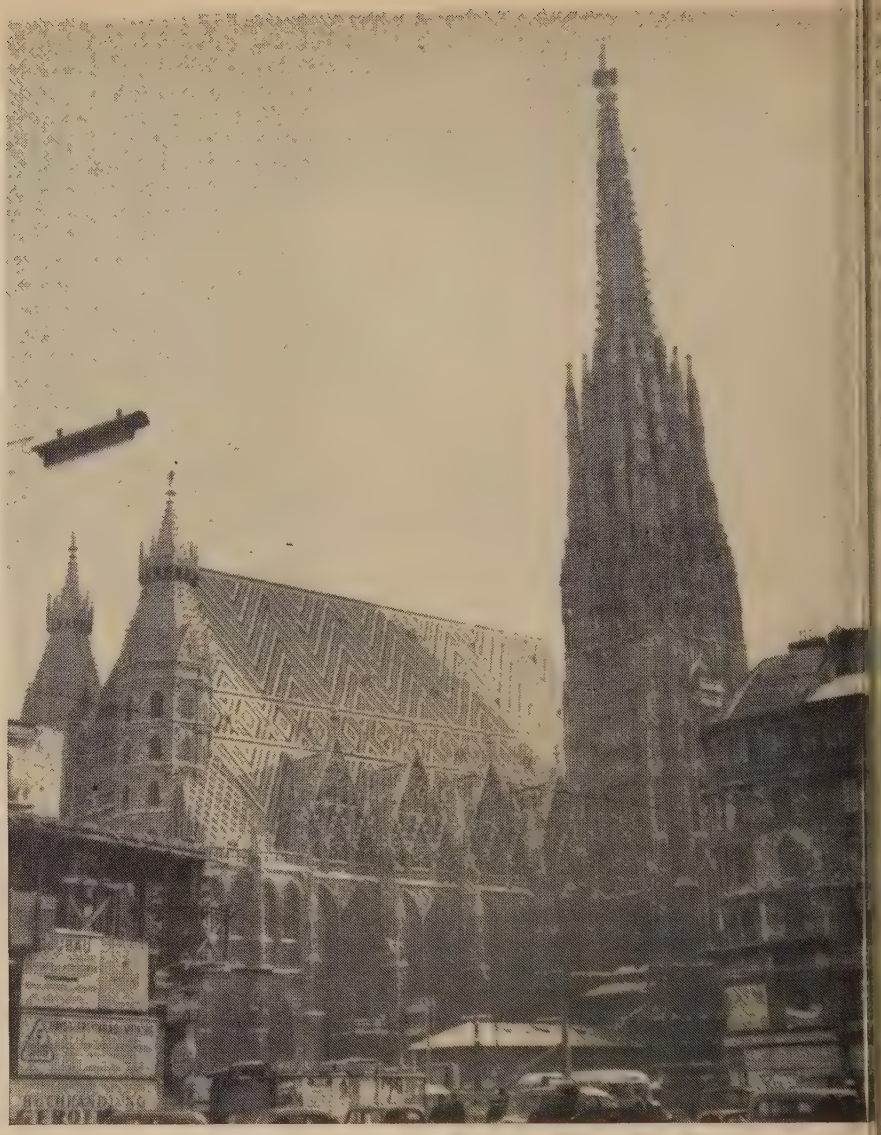
The same holds true in the case of a saint's canonization. When a saint is canonized, he or she is upheld to the world, not only for admiration, but also as a model for imitation. But hero worship can be misleading—without the guaranty of infallible approval. The miracles to which you refer in your letter are incontestable signs of Divine endorsement, but are not—so to speak—so many instances of present-day revelation.

We must keep in mind that when the Church issues an infallible pronouncement on a matter of faith or morals which is revealed by God, Divine revelation is clearly indicated as the ultimate source of information. But if the infallible pronouncement has to do with an item not contained exclusively in revelation, that fact is clearly indicated. In other words, there is no equivocation or subterfuge. Another point to be kept in mind—the Church has occasion to make decisions or to issue decrees which bind in conscience, as a matter of obedience, although not as a matter of faith. It is one thing to exact the compliance of obedience; quite another, to demand faith. To conclude: Does it not seem absurd that the Church, endowed by a Divine Founder with delegated infallibility, be unable to decide the scope of her own competence? By exercising infallibility in such a way as to preserve the Church incorrupt and indefectible, there is no danger of adding to or "manufacturing" revelation.

Barcelona—Berlin—Vienna—

In these three cities, important events of the Catholic Church are taking place this summer

by ADELAIDE DE BAR



The 800-year-old St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna

IN three widely separate cities of Europe Catholic events are destined to make history this summer. The first belongs to the recent past: the impressive International Eucharistic Congress of Barcelona. Two others are still to come: The German and the Austrian *Katholikentag*, the "Catholic Day." They will take place in Europe's most endangered cities: Berlin and Vienna.

Barcelona is an old historic city. Its roots go back to the Phoenicians, its early expansion to the Roman Empire. Since the time of the Apostles, its Christian tradition has remained uninterrupted. Its faith has remained vigorous as have the medieval monuments and the majestic Gothic Cathedral that still form the heart of the city. Moslem invasions and several centuries of Mohammedan occupation were unable to wipe out Christianity. Strengthened through the struggle, religion and culture developed intensely in the succeeding centuries.

This happy evolution was brutally interrupted with the 1931 Revolution. The Red terror was unspeakable in Barcelona. But faith, purified by persecution and martyrdom, emerged from the struggle deeper and more intense. Amidst the palpitations of modern life, Barcelona's old Catholic tradition has found a new and stronger meaning. A living faith has been revived. It has taught Catholics to open their eyes and hearts to the huge spiritual and social responsibilities that are theirs.

The Barcelona Congress ended on the feast of Pentecost. In the presence of two million people, the Cardinal-Legate celebrated solemn Pontifical Mass. The Epistle of the day recalled the miracle of the first Pentecost. Peter went out and preached to the masses. "There were Parthians and Medes, Elamites and Mesopotamians . . . foreigners living in Rome, Jews and proselytes . . . and all of them in their own language heard them speak of the marvels of God. . . ." Nearly two thousand years have passed since. An innumerable crowd was present in Barcelona. These were Spanish and French, Americans and English, Italians and Poles, Africans and Chinese. But all spoke one language, that of the Catholic faith. All came for one event, the solemn adoration of God in the Holy Eucharist. All listened to one motto, "The Eucharist and Peace."

For five consecutive days this message of peace was lived, taught, and prayed for. During those memorable days, Barcelona was indeed a living act of faith and of true Catholicism. Millions of knees bent in adoration as the Holy Eucharist was carried through the city in a precious monstrance, the "Custodia" of Toledo.

No Iron Curtain could sever this powerful unity of faith. The persecuted

Silent Church" was also present in Barcelona. The last International Eucharistic Congress had been held in Hungary. At that time, fourteen years ago, Spanish Catholics were suffering under Communistic rule and the small group that represented them in Budapest was greeted with warmest solidarity. Today a liberated Spain, in the full strength of its religious revival, gave the answer. Cardinal Mindszenty, the imprisoned Hungarian primate, was proclaimed guest of honor, and a place, which remained tragically empty, was reserved for him in the row of Cardinals present at Barcelona. A special day of solidarity and prayer was devoted to the great cause for which he is suffering.

On Pentecost the persecuted Church marched at the head of the last solemn

A view of Berlin, showing the Brandenburg Gate

procession. Preceded by their flags, came the representatives of Lithuania and Hungary, of Poland and the Ukraine, of Slovakia and Croatia, of Korea and China. As they passed, millions joined with them in the Lord's Prayer, in the universal cry to our common Father that His reign should come and that we should be delivered from evil.

Berlin bears no resemblance to Barcelona. It has none of the latter's Catholic tradition or art treasures, nothing of its southern sky, of its characteristic life and spontaneity, none of the splendor of its sea and surrounding hills.

Berlin is a relatively new, now bomb-destroyed city with northern traits and few remnants of a Catholic past. In no other part of Germany had the break from the Church had such far-reaching consequences as in that North-Eastern region. Its flourishing Christianity in the Middle Ages, with its numerous monasteries and dioceses, and its deep devotion to Our Lady, disappeared long since. In 1535 the last Catholic Prussian ruler died. His successor, Joachim II, of Brandenburg, joined Luther's Reformation. Ecclesiastical property was confiscated, religious orders dissolved, and Catholic worship forbidden. All-out oppression lasted until the eighteenth century. By that time, the Prussian rulers developed great territorial and political ambitions. Their powerful army and increasing industrial production needed soldiers and workers. Young men from the strongly Catholic Rhineland and Westphalia were hired. At their request, mission stations were opened in Berlin and other Prussian centers.

In 1773, the Church of St. Hedwig, now Berlin's Cathedral, was consecrated. The number of Catholics further increased until there were 300.000 in 1900. Discrimination against the Church, however, continued. The Kings of Prussia, official protectors and heads of Lutheranism, were still in power. Equality was granted only after 1918, when higher public offices and positions were opened to Catholics.

In 1925 a Papal Nuncio came to Berlin; he was Monsignor Eugene Pacelli, now Pope Pius XII. Four years of intensive diplomatic work culminated in the signature of a Concordat between the Holy See and the Prussian State. Berlin became a diocese. Reviving the tradition of the ancient Brandenburg diocese that had disappeared during the Reformation, it chose St. Peter as its patron saint.

A few years later a new era of persecution started. The Nazi regime closed Catholic schools, took over the diocesan seminary, arrested and executed priests and lay leaders. Then the war broke out. Bombings destroyed most of Berlin's churches—among them the Cathedral—most of its chapels, convents, and the Bishop's residence. With the Russian advance, Soviet control extended to the surrounding countryside. Berlin, jointly occupied by the four allied powers, soon was cut off from the Western world. Catholics form only 15 per cent of the city's three million population, but they were ready for heavy sacrifice. A stream of refugees and expellees have been coming and are still moving in from the East; most of them are Catholics. In a bombed-out besieged city they create a huge social problem of housing, employment, and adjustment. Berlin is a diaspora land.

There is no traditional Catholicism, no ready-made setting to hold the faithful and facilitate the work that has become overwhelming for the insufficient number of priests. But Catholics, in that battered and divided city, have become keenly aware of the meaning of religion. Berlin's city administration is Socialist; its school laws are atheistic! Relics of Hitlerism. The Catholics have built parochial schools and rebuilt churches and hospitals. They have joined with the Protestants in a common struggle for a change in city legislation. They have set up centers for adult instruction in faith and morals that have obtained striking results.

BERLIN has become a symbol of Germany's trials. It reflects all the anxieties, the hopes, and the struggles with which the country as a whole has to cope; the uncertainty of the next day, the jockeying between East and West, and the mighty influx of many thousands that places the Church face to face with new and burning problems.

This tiny island in the midst of a roaring sea, has been selected for a great demonstration. From August 19 to 25 the German *Katholikentag*, the seventy-fifth nationwide Catholic Congress, is scheduled to meet for the first time in Berlin. Thousands plan to come from West and East, by plane, by train, by car, by foot, crossing the demarcation line, taking joyfully all the risks under the watchful eye and menacing arm of Soviet power. On that Berlin battle-ground, German Catholicism in a decisive hour of history throws its challenge to a distressed world: "God lives!" That is to be the motto of the Congress.

God lives in and for the individual soul, even if endangered, even if persecuted and spiritually wounded by a hostile world. God lives in public life,

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even if men have decided to build a society and a world without Him. God lives as the one remaining hope for a generation that is desperately searching for a meaning to life.

The message of a living God will be carried through Berlin by children and youth; it will be proclaimed in solemn ceremonies and in rallies; it will be demonstrated by an exhibition of Catholic life; it will be developed by Hierarchy and leaders in days of intense study and common prayers. God lives! This message indeed must endure through time and space. It cannot end with the *Katholikentag;* it is to become the underlying theme that will lead German Catholics and inspire them. All individual and common efforts throughout the country will be centered on a vast program with one aim: to bring back Christ as a living reality into individual lives and into every field of public endeavor.

The gathering itself will be marked by the Cross. The Cross will be the insignia of the Congress. It will be the rallying sign for German Catholics in the days to come. The world has turned away from Christ. It has replaced Him by tyrannical idols: Rationalism, Liberalism, Communism, bringing slavery instead of liberation. The world now is yearning for peace which it does not find. The Cross is raised to show the way. The outstretched arms of Our Lord speak of redemption and of peace. Another crusade lies ahead: again the symbol is the Cross; the rallying cry "God lives;" the battleground the individual soul, the spiritual reconquest of nations and of the world.

Thousands of refugees will pass through German customs to attend Katholikentag being held in Berlin in late August

In September, scenes like this one of Cardinal Innitzer conducting services will take place during Vienna Congress

Vienna, like Barcelona, has the strength and continuity of an old historic city, of a traditional center of Christian art and culture. Vienna, like Barcelona, goes back to Roman times and to early Christianity. It, too, had to fight for its faith but remained always Catholic. From the East came frequent invasions of powerful Mohammedan armies which—not unlike Communists today—held Hungary under their domination. In 1683 a huge Moslem army advanced upon Vienna. Heavy losses and privations weakened its defenders. They clung, however, to their Bishop's promise: God and the Blessed Virgin would not abandon them. At dawn on September 12, after Mass, the attack was launched in the name of Mary, Help of Christians. The Moslem troops retreated in confusion. Christianity was saved. In thanksgiving, September 12th was proclaimed a feast for the universal Church, a day on which "Catholics should rejoice at the name and the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

FREED from Mohammedan invasions, Austria's further evolution was far from easy and smooth. The Catholic Empire, of which it was the center, was gradually broken up by Napoleon, by Protestant Prussia, finally by the First World War. The small country became an easy prey to powerful neighbors. Annexed by Nazi Germany in 1938, Austria was spared neither Hitler's religious persecution nor the later Russian "liberation." Vienna, like Berlin, is under joint occupation, but surrounded entirely by the iron belt of the Soviet Zone.

Nineteen years of oppression and occupation have passed since Catholic Austria celebrated its last *Katholikentag.* This September the interrupted sequence can be revived. Vienna has been selected as its site. The "liberty and dignity of man" will be the motto. These words contain an invitation to the individual soul: realize your nobility as a child of God, live up to it, be a saint! These words also express homage and loyalty toward the Church, the protector and defender of human liberty and dignity. They carry a challenge for the whole nation. They finally signify solidarity in a world where these ideals

oppressed, where the Church is
ced into silence, where freedom is
eached but collective slavery imposed.

NTENSE preparatory work has taken
place in Maria-Zell, the historic
ine of Our Lady, the "Great Mother
Austria." Since early May, more than
ee hundred priests and outstanding
tholic laymen, grouped in fifteen
dy commissions, have worked on a
actical program for action. This in-
ides first, spiritual aims: individual
igious revival and a true missionary
rit. In defense of the cause of free-
m, the program reaches out coura-
ously into the field of social action. It
als with burning problems of present-
y Austrian Catholicism: the marriage
ws, freedom of education, the crucial
mily problems and the undermining
the rural population, the conditions
industrial workers and of profession-
s, the plight of expellees from the
st, and finally, adult education.

The highlight of the four-day Vienna
ongress will be the feast of Our Lady
September 12th. On the eve of that
y all Church bells of Austria will
ng, while in Vienna's ancient Cathe-
al an evening Pontifical Mass will
en the Congress. The name of Mary
ll be invoked: Liberator of Vienna in
e days of Eastern invasion, Help of
ristians, "Great Mother of Austria,"
ficial patron saint of *Katholikentag*.
er protection will be implored amid a
uel menace that remains ever present.

Every function of those four Septem-
r days—the prayers and ceremonies,
e rallies of Austrian Catholic youth,
e exhibitions of Christian art and
erature—will glorify the great message
God's fatherhood and of the freedom
His children. Such supernatural dig-
ty however, bestowed upon men, in-
lves important duties. The country's
lemn pledge to fulfill the program of
ustria's spiritual and social renovation
ill be the nation's response to the
ave responsibilities of the hour.

Above the main entrance of Vienna's
athedral is a powerful primitive sculp-
re of Christ the King. This figure
ill be the insignia of the Congress.
verything will be under the protection
Christ the King and through the in-
rcession of Mary. Thus will Austria
ceive the strength to become once
ore the "bulwark of the West," only
us will it be able to face outside strug-
e and the harder task of its own inner
vival.

Following each other in a short inter-
l of four months, these three Catholic
lebrations call the attention of all
uropeans to their spiritual and social
ties. The sites of these gatherings,
eir programs and mottoes, their in-
gnia, and the patronage of the Blessed

OUR LADY'S DAY

by C. M. RIDDLE

Hail, Full of Grace! Both earth and Heaven greet you;
A myriad leaves have tapestried the wood,
And chicory flowers have spread your own blue mantle
Across the summer fields in gratitude.

Hail, Full of Grace! We too this day would greet you
With hymns and prayers and thoughts that Heavenward rise
Like that sweet fragrance left when your pure body
Hid from the tomb and swept beyond the skies.

Apply Assumption to our aspirations
That they may follow you to Heaven's door
Until, at journey's end, we too are crowned
As you were by the sacred Son you bore.

TO MY BABY IN ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL

by JULIA C. MAHON

Small gentle dove with wings more than half-raised,
Is this your flight? Is that last soaring, long
And yet so brief, at hand and will this night
Find you alight within your Father's arms?
Or will you nestle yet within my own?
Why are these hands so loath to let you go;
Would selfishness bind fast what love would free?
How strange that tears should blind these feeble eyes,
That doubt should weigh so heavy on this heart
Which never ceased to whisper, Go or stay
According to His sweet and holy will.

Virgin have a deep, common meaning.

All three cities have struggled for their faith. In Barcelona and Vienna, Catholicism was preserved and has developed a strong tradition. In Berlin the Church all but disappeared. It lives now in captivity, in constant battle for its survival. Today atheistic Communism is on the attack. Spain lived through the great hour of its trial. Its constancy has been rewarded: vocations to the priesthood and to the religious life are more numerous than ever before; families are deeply Christian and united; religion has a meaning in Spain, the soul is a reality, faith is strong and ardent. Europe east of the Pyrenees still lies exposed to a Godless and inhuman power. Berlin and Vienna are the two centers and symbols of that struggle, the two outposts beyond the Iron Curtain, where the powerful streams of East and West meet and clash. The fight between two worlds is on. It is sharp and unrelenting in those areas of direct contact.

A world without God, without peace, without freedom, struggles in the dark, unable to find a solution. Barcelona, Berlin, and Vienna give the answer and show the light. From soil recently soaked with the blood of martyrs, from lands still battered by the storms comes the threefold liberating message of the Catholic Church. A message that promises peace and unity, that hails a living God, that stands for the liberty of man.

Thus, the monstrance carried in Barcelona emerges as the radiant symbol of Catholic world unity; the Cross of the young Berlin diocese as the rallying point of a new crusade; Vienna's ancient statue of Christ the King as the promise of invincible strength that comes from God alone and that will lead to victory.

But Christ wishes His Mother, our Mother, to be associated with His work of Redemption. It is to Mary, then, that Catholics today are naturally turning. To the brown Virgin of Montserrat, the patroness of Barcelona, miraculously saved from Moorish invasion and Communist destruction; to Mary, the refuge of medieval Christianty in Northeastern Germany; to the "Great Mother of Austria." Mary is the powerful Mediator of all Graces. Help of Christians, she has never failed her children.

She was leaning on a hoe; now she glanced at her feet, choosing her words carefully. "This Miz Hampden, she is making a mistake," she said flatly, but without resentment

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

Party Face

It seemed unbelievable that Enrequita could be guilty of theft—but she was hiding something

THE girl wore blue dungarees and a man's denim shirt with the tails hanging free and the sleeves buttoned low against our hot South Texas sun. It was not a party costume; the faded pink sunbonnet wasn't pretty either. But the face, away back in its shadow—sheltered like a bud under leaves—was nice enough to go with any finery.

"You're Enrequita Hernandez?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered and looked me over. Then it wasn't her creamy skin and dark eyes themselves that struck me so much as the level impact of her glance—quiet and cool, with an immemorial pride and patience. "You are Sheriff Wilson."

Her soft voice gave even the harsh title a musical lilt; but there was a certain craft in the slow glance she gave the poster, tacked to the fencepost, which had my picture on it and the statement that I solicited everybody's vote for re-election.

"That's right," I said, and grinned,

by John Knox

"and I ought to know you because I knew your father well. A good man, and never in any trouble either—nor your two brothers, so far as I know. Which makes it seem strange I should be out here to talk to you—"

She was leaning on a hoe. Now she glanced down at her feet, planted between the wax-green stalks of cauliflower, moving the toe of a scuffed brogan in the red loam, not embarrassed, but choosing her words carefully. "This Miz Hampden, she is making a mistake," she said flatly.

"WELL, she's a newcomer. Maybe she's got prejudices of the kind folks get over after they've been here awhile. What I can't understand, Enrequita, is why you wouldn't let them search you."

Now for the first time a trace of something hard and unyielding showed in the liquid eyes. "But why me—before the others?"

"She did search the others. They volunteered."

Her smile was scornful. "Yes, after I had refused. You know how it is, Mr. Wilson. I am the only Mexican girl at her party. It is me she wants to search first. Then she gets the others to put me—"

"On the spot?" I nodded. "Maybe so. But that was your chance to show the whole bunch up. But you didn't; you went home."

"And now she wants you to arrest me?"

"Oh, sure. I'm sorry to say she's got no more sense than that. But I have. You had a perfect right to refuse."

"Then what you come here for?"

"To talk to you, Enrequita. To give you some advice—like maybe your father would if he was alive. You're not in danger from the law. But look what you're doing to yourself—giving all sorts of prejudiced fools who dislike your people anyhow, the chance to call you a thief."

"And are you sure," she challenged, "that I am not?"

"I would be hard to convince to the contrary," I told her. "I know you come from a good family and have worked hard, helping support them since your father died. You've made good grades in school, and nobody I can find will say a word against you."

"Then you should go to Miz Hampden."

"Don't you know I have, girl?" I asked, a little angrily. "And told her all that. Told her I'm not going to arrest you or even badger you—not if her confounded diamond brooch is worth the thousand dollars she claims it is. All I'm trying to do is get you—for your own good—to explain why you wouldn't let them search you."

"But since I did not take the brooch—"

"You're not *obligated* to explain. I agree. But let's say for the sake of your mother, your brothers—"

But she had turned away from me now, chin up, eyes staring calmly across the hot field. "They have never been ashamed of me," she said.

Well, there it was, and what could I do? I turned on my heel and left her.

The one I was really mad at, of course, was old lady Hampden. A meddling do-gooder, with an income and plenty of time for running other people's affairs, she had started out as soon as she moved here to run the town council, the school board, and the church to which she belonged. Not entirely succeeding in any of these ventures, she had launched out on a program for bringing joy into the lives of farm girls. Supervising her first "Farmerette" party, all dyked up for her Lady Bountiful role, she had flashed this alleged heirloom around, lost it somewhere, and in a hysterical reversion to type, had singled out this little Mexican girl as the target for her suspicion. Worst of all was the mealy-mouthed way she told you: "It's not the value of the thing itself; I feel guilty for putting temptation in her way, and I feel duty bound to help her clear her conscience."

And not just telling me—telling everybody. So that people who had never known of Enrequita's quiet existence, were being introduced to her, so to speak, in a role which all her life she would never be able to live down. All I had wanted from her had been some explanation to go back and throw into the old lady's teeth. But I hadn't got it, and I was stumped.

I went and talked to Enrequita's high school teacher again, and also to the girls who had been at the party. Except for a couple of little toadies, they were all for Enrequita, and were sorry they had let Mrs. Hampden maneuver them into embarrassing her. But none of them could imagine what had happened to the brooch.

I went back to Mrs. Hampden's and got permission to search her house and grounds again. But I found nothing. It was beginning to look as if the thing really had been stolen. But not by Enrequita: I would not believe that.

So I was considerably stunned when, late that afternoon, I answered the telephone and heard a soft, sonorous Latin voice say, when I had identified myself, "Thees ees Enrequita's mother. I want you should come to our place. Enrequita, she wants to confess—"

"Confess?" I bawled. But she hung up. Then I realized that the word *confess* probably had for the old lady a broader meaning than the specific one in which a sheriff considers it. Still, I was uncomfortable and apprehensive. I drove out at once.

THEY lived in a piano box of a house covered with old strips of imitation brick siding on the two-acre farm which the Hernandez boys worked. The boys were away in the beet fields up north now, and Enrequita and the old lady lived there alone. The latter answered my knock, and with a sad gravity, led me into the dark little living room, shabbily but cheerfully furnished, and with only a faint and not unpleasant smell of mesquite smoke. It was as neat as a pin.

Enrequita was sitting near a window, her hands in her lap, her face impassive. It was plain that this was not her doing. The old lady sat down and turned her tired eyes on me, and as I looked into the fine-featured old face, I knew that she was the person to whom I should have appealed at the start.

"Well, Meester Shariff, you been nice with Enrequita and I thank you and now she going tall you everything. But something I want to show you—" and she reached back behind the curtains of a cubby-hole closet and brought out Enrequita's party dress. She laid it across the clean coverlet of a small bed.

"Is pretty?"

"Beautiful," I said and meant it.

I am no good at describing such things, and I do not know if the dress was in style or not. But it was wonderfully bright, wonderfully warm and rich, and you could see behind the excellent material and the careful microscopic stitching, the long hours of work

Doctor's Orders

▶ The farmer's wife was very much overweight, and the doctor prescribed a special diet.

Calling at the farmhouse one day, a neighbor watched in amazement as the patient devoured a huge meal of pork, potatoes, and corn, followed by a glass of milk and a big portion of cream-topped dessert.

"I thought you were on a diet," the visitor finally exclaimed.

"I am," the housewife replied. "I've had my diet for today. Now I'm having my dinner."

—Loretta Woods

a hot field which had paid for the ods, and the loving old brown fin- rs that had plied the needle in the n-lit room.

"Yes," the old lady agreed frankly, beautiful. But to go to *thees* party," d the emphasis showed how much the *ceptance* of Enrequita into the group d meant, to go to Mees Hampden's rty, Enrequita wants only the best—" She paused, and from a drawer in an l dresser brought out a pair of nice k hose and some patent leather pumps d placed them beside the dress.

"And well, why not?" she asked me. nrequita ees pretty girl, and a good rl; she work hard. Thees year eet is d by the beans, and her brothers do t send much money. But Enrequita orks; we live. So I say she must have e best. But it takes lots money to ıy these—" and she gestured toward e dress, the pumps, the hose. "Eet kes all the money we got—"

"So—" and now the old lady turned ward the dresser and pulled out an- her drawer. But Enrequita jumped up en.

"No, mother!" she begged, and ran to r and flung her arms around her and ld her. "No, please, you can't—"

It was an awkward moment; the old dy stared at me as if throwing the de- sion in my lap. But I did not want it. looked at Enrequita's tear-streaked ce and saw a fear there which I had ever seen there before—a sort of fear at, in a woman, goes deeper than the erely physical, a fear of humiliation. nd puzzled as I was, there flashed into y mind the pictures I had seen of the ricken faces of those unfortunate omen in Europe who were being ragged away—not to torture or death— ut to have their heads shaved.

HOLD on," I said, because I decided I was not having any more of is. "You just wait. I'll come back ter," I told them, and I went out, most running.

I got into my car and started the otor and still I did not know exactly hat I intended to do. I still did not now what it was that the old lady had een about to show me, but if it hurt ıe girl like that, I didn't want to see . And it wasn't the brooch; it couldn't e; I would not believe that girl stole it.

Then I had a sort of idea, and I rove to Mrs. Hampden's house. "I just appened to think, Mrs. Hampden," I ld her, "that you might have lost at brooch down the sink drain. If ıe strainer basket was out—"

"Oh, but it wasn't," she said primly. I thought of that too."

"Well, if you don't mind I'll sit a ıoment and think."

I went in and sat and she stood and looked at me. Suspicious of me too, I guessed. Probably she was thinking up just the right tone in which to tell someone confidentially, "The sheriff really does take a most *unusual* interest in that girl, don't you think?"

And thinking of that made me so mad I couldn't get my mind on the problem. Then the old lady went over and sat down too. So that she could stare at me better, I guessed. Then, into the silent room there stalked a proud yellow Persian cat. She gave me a glance of contempt, a faint "mewyerp" of disdain as she passed, with tail pluming up, and leaped into the old lady's lap. There, queenly and irresponsible, she trod Mrs. Hampden's clean apron while she rubbed herself back and forth across the old lady's bosom.

I sat forward. "Where were you wearing the brooch that night, Mrs. Hampden?" I asked.

"Why, right at my throat where I always do," she said.

"And that cat, where was the cat?"

"Why right with me, where she always is."

"In your lap?"

"Once, I believe—" she was beginning to bristle a little at my curt tone.

"Can you recall it? I mean, did she jump from your lap suddenly?"

SHE let me know my impudence was tiring her. But she answered, "Why, yes, it happens I do. It puzzled me because something seemed to frighten her. She was rubbing against me, just as she is now, and suddenly she gave a little cry and jumped. She jumped out the window over there and went through the honeysuckle vines. If there had been boys present I should have suspected that someone of them had shot at her with a bent pin."

"And if you hadn't been so busy suspecting things," I said, "you might have realized that a pin did stick her—the unloosened pin of the brooch probably. And you might have gone to the window and looked among the vines—" while I was speaking, I was doing so— "because that fur of hers is plenty thick and it could easily have got tangled there and. . . . Here it is!"

I plucked it out of the tangle of vines below the window sill and handed it to her. She gasped and clutched it and then stood holding it as if it had suddenly become a little hot. "Thank you so much, Sheriff—" she managed, "but now I suppose I, that is, I *did* make a mistake about that girl, and—"

"And in short," I said, "you owe her an apology. I'm sure you'll make it promptly. As for thanking me, what you owe me the thanks for is for not arresting her like you wanted me to. There are laws about such things, you know—"

She turned from white to pink and back to white again, and said, "But of course I shall apologize. I'll call on her—"

"You do that, Mrs. Hampden," I said. "Good day."

I hurried back to the Hernandez home. Enrequita had gone out to get the cow from the pasture. The old lady was there alone.

"I found the brooch, Mrs. Hernandez," I told her.

Her deepset eyes lit up; she closed them for a moment and her brown fingers made a movement in the air and her lips muttered. Then she opened her eyes and smiled.

"But you did not think—"

"You know I didn't. But whatever it was you were going to show me was something that would hurt Enrequita, and I just did not want her to be hurt any more."

"Ah," she said. "I told her that. Well. But pride is a thing of much weight with the young, isn't it so? Come—" She plucked at my sleeve and drew me into the room again.

"IT is only," she said, "that it was Enrequita's first party with those girls—girls she was always seeing at school but never at a party. You understand? And her dress is lovely, no? And the hose and the shoes, yes? But as I said, there is no more money. And the party is to be that night, and so, well . . ."

And then she reached into the drawer and brought out something and laid it on the bed beside the party dress and the party hose and the party shoes. It was a pair of boys' cotton underpants, clean, faded, but terribly patched. They looked weirdly incongruous there amidst the finery.

"Her brother's," the old lady said. "At the last minute that was the best she had to wear—" Then she put a hand across her mouth and began to giggle.

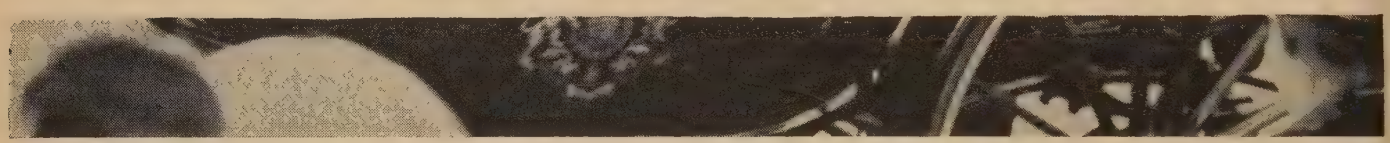
But just then I heard the soft churning of a cow's hooves out there in the dusk and knew that Enrequita was returning. The old lady snatched the boys' shorts and thrust them back into the door and closed it. Both of us straightened our faces.

"Enrequita," the old lady called, "Meester Shariff Weelson, he has come to bring you some good news—"

But I started backing out. "No, you tell her. I got to go. Just tell her that I hope she'll forgive Mrs. Hampden too—when Mrs. Hampden calls to apologize."

Then I beat it out to my car and drove off. They'd have to do a little quiet crying probably, and that's better done in private. She didn't have to thank me. It had been a pleasure.

Is Royalty Making a Comeback?



Elizabeth's accession to the throne has revived an interest in royalty that could lead to the Crown's becoming more than a figurehead in England

by GEOFFREY ASHE

NOWADAYS it would be easy to imagine that the American republic had an honorary, nonresident queen. So at least the English have felt since *Life* burst into acclamations of the Second Elizabeth, followed in short order by the *Ladies' Home Journal* and other magazines, with echoes from the office of Dr. Gallup. Windsor's ability to compete with Washington for public attention might be worth investigating. Some, I suppose, would detect a nostalgia for tradition or history. Others would scent an impulse to exalt the charming and tiaraed young matron in reaction against the outgoing President. Certainly the current fracas about the latter has not effaced a renewed interest in the former and her official dignities, prompted by her father's demise, her governess' recollections, and her uncle's memoirs. Meanwhile, authors like Michael de la Bedoyere and Erich von Kuehnelt-Leddihn have been reviewing the whole conception of monarchy in such a way as to show that it is still far from obsolete in the modern world.

Next year the Coronation is due. A swarm of people will visit London, providing the Russian Air Force doesn't, and fresh floods of writing will circle and inundate the Crown. But concerning that unbelievable entity, with its train of palaces and trinkets, its customs too old to be reactionary, its Poet Laureate and Master of the Musick, its tame swans and nominal colonelships and rents paid in roses, there is one thing which conventional constitutionalism scarcely allows a British subject to hint. That is as good a reason as any why a British subject should bring it into the open.

A queer possibility exists that the Sovereign may again be sovereign.

The gains newly made by our royalty in its own island have crept forward on ermine-padded feet. The central phenomenon, the starting point for the elucidation of what has happened, is of course the very evident love and respect enjoyed by the family of George VI. As for the late King himself, an indisputable martyr to duty, the obvious kinds of praise sound like impudence. One can say, "Here was a man courageous, honest, conscientious, devoted." It would be better to scrap the adjectives and content oneself with saying, "Here was a man." When greatness was thrust upon him, he did not parry the thrust; he seized the foil and made it Excalibur. The spell he exerted over his subjects was revealed suddenly by his death and the activity it inspired. I had heard people snicker at him in newsreels—as when they saw him review the Guards, a slight figure under his own extinguishing bearskin—but in February the snickering ceased,

ıd a wonder followed. It was not a ıestion of public tributes or private aises or crowds waiting to trail past e catafalque with its invisible dead. was the scale and unanimity of the ing.

Britain, after all, was apparently rching toward bankruptcy. Yet, in ite of the expenditure of time and fort, not a newspaper or prominent erson complained. Even the Commu-sts did no more than hint that the emonstration had gone on a trifle too ng. And now there has been talk all ver the place—genuine talk, not jour-alists' chatter—of the hopes of the ew Elizabethan Age: this in a country here the Crown is theoretically a pure mbol.

Something has revived. Not monarchy the sense of concentrated personal ower, but hereditary and mystical roy-ty. Nor is the revival simply a popu-r fuss, a clutching at any fragment of olor amid the universal drab of aus-rity. Since World War II, royalty's in-reased prestige has issued in conse-uences more concrete than that.

Let me illustrate. In 1945, when La-or took office with its first working ma-rity, the major theme of the hour as the continuity problem. How far nd in which instances should Attlee carry on with the policies of Churchill? Two decisions on precisely this topic were the most important acts of the Labor Government. At the Foreign Office continuity was adopted. At the India Office continuity was rejected. By the first act Britain kept herself out of the Russian orbit. By the second she kept Indian Nationalism out. If either choice had gone differently, or failed to express itself in practice, most of the Old World would today be Communist. And in both cases there was a phase, a crucial phase, when royalty stepped in with effect.

Trips like this one to a coal mine are bringing Prince Philip closer to people

EVERYBODY knows Attlee negotiated a transfer of power in India. What is less widely understood is that he almost failed. On the level of purely political maneuver he probably did fail. The India Congress remembered all too well that in 1930 a previous Labor Government had handled the Indians as roughly as any. When Sir Stafford Cripps went to India with the Cabinet's program for independence, his reception was somber. Nehru scowled. Gandhi fasted. Fanatics sharpened their knives and extremists called the project a fraud. Any little incident could have touched off a revolt, ruined the bargaining, and forced Indian patriots into alliance with the Reds of China and Russia.

Attlee finally solved the deadlock, not through his politicians, but through his offer of the post of Viceroy to Earl Mountbatten, cousin of George VI and uncle of Elizabeth's husband. Mountbatten was a man of proven ability but with no political background. Although royalty had sometimes tackled formalities of diplomacy and governor-generalship, the choice of such a person for such a delicate charge over four-fifths of the Empire's population was itself a complete break with precedent. More was to come, however. Mountbatten initially refused, protesting that the Indian problem seemed insoluble. Attlee could not force him. But the King could, and did. At a Rotary dinner last November, Mountbatten disclosed that he accepted the Viceroyalty on direct orders from George VI. This astonishing action turned the scale. When the Earl arrived in Delhi, he took the one course that could end the crisis. He announced an early deadline for the British withdrawal and bullied the India Civil Service and Army into packing their bags and clearing out before the deadline was reached.

That is why Nehru elected to stay on with the British Commonwealth.

The royal intervention in foreign policy, a well-kept secret for seven years, was admitted after the death of King George. When Attlee displaced Churchill, he drafted a list of ministers and submitted it privately at the Palace. For generations such lists had been automatically approved. But we know now that the King shook his head over the Premier's proposed appointment of Ernest Bevin as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Bevin was Labor's strongest man. With the international situation the way it was, he ought to be Foreign Secretary. Attlee acquiesced, and Britain's subsequent path was firmly traced. It is doubtful whether, at any previous time these last hundred years, a monarch's advice would have carried so much weight or produced such sweeping results. Before the interview, Attlee appears to have envisaged a quite different and far less decisive sort of policy. He had meant to entrust the higher mysteries to that effervescent coin-flipper, Dalton. The same who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, effervesced clean out of his job by giving straight tips about the Budget!

The Windsor-Mountbatten triumph, still disguised by official and editorial caution, has injected a fresh ingredient into public affairs. Precedents have been established, and precedents are dynamite. At this juncture, one has to reckon especially with the presence beside the Queen of Prince Philip. He is a young man with much of the Mountbatten ability, a good sailor, a good mixer. Since his wife's accession, he has been touring mines, visiting atom plants, and generally getting into closer contact with the life of his country than many a President. No student of British politics can safely ignore the possibility that the Queen, partly in her own person and partly through her husband, may respond to the encouraging atmosphere, assume a share in government, and recover for the Crown a touch of its original grandeur.

BEFORE World War II, such a forecast would have seemed absurd. In the mid-thirties, the Crown was nearly annexed by the Conservative Party. The propaganda connected with George V's Silver Jubilee, and the fundamentally political removal of Edward VIII, came near to wiping it out as an independent institution. But this phase is past. Stanley Baldwin's attempt to treat the Sovereign as a sort of diluted President, compulsorily Conservative and replaceable at the Prime Minister's order, has had no lasting effect. The political trend of the last decade has been entirely to royalty's advantage. In the first place, Labor is now respectable. Trade unionists and demi-Marxist professors have trod the lawns of Buckingham Palace. A more or less deodorized Socialism has been built into British life and is quickly becoming orthodox.

Neither party, therefore, has any revolutionary or republican air, and the Crown towers above them both, without peril of annexation by either.

This drawing together of the factions tends toward a second result. If the Labor Party has changed, the Conservative Party has changed also. One no longer hears of a real reversion to free enterprise. Attlee's state structure—this must be emphasized again and again—is not scheduled for dismantling; only for alterations, with a slight bias in favor of business men instead of trade unionists. The dominant type of Conservative is a keen administrator, or would-be administrator, in a mixed economy. Hence, he resembles the dominant type of Labor chief. Richard Butler is a Socialist, except that he doesn't call himself a Socialist. Herbert Morrison is a Conservative, except that he doesn't call himself a Conservative. Britain is governed (and governed within an inch of her life) by a mob of interchangeable bosses, who work either directly through state leviathans like the Ministries and the Coal Board, or through textile combines, shipping combines, automobile combines, and department-store combines, which they regulate from inside as directors and from outside as politicians or bureaucrats.

Almost from the day the Conservatives resumed office, it has been plain that there is literally no method of casting a vote for liberty. Before the election, the country was promised fewer governmental controls. It has got more. The individual is bound in spirit and in conduct to the frame of a centralized, rationalized society, beneficial in some ways, but, as things stand, utterly devoid of hope. There is no great yearning for freedom. The modern concept of the state has bitten too deep. But there is a very real yearning for outlets and respites and relaxations. An escape route may exist through the flaunting irrationality of royalism. At any rate there is no other in sight. Within the set pattern, the only form which even protest can take is a desperate drift into Bevanism or Communism. In some quarters that drift will occur, but it won't break the pattern. Anyone who considers Britain attentively can envisage a crisis in which a sizable group of citizens will turn to their Queen because they see nobody else worth turning to.

Queen Elizabeth on her twenty-sixth birthday

THE true British royalist is a bit of a rebel, and many vague rebels may easily become royalists. Partly it is a question of attitude. The royalist, for example, takes a stand against leveled-out mediocrity, because he believes in something feudal and disproportionate. He takes a stand against dullness, because he believes in something which marches to an accompaniment of pageantry and fanfaronades. He takes a stand against the shallow progressivism that despises the past, because he believes in something that has deep roots in the past. He takes a stand against the utilitarianism of routine-hardened "experts," because he believes in something to a large extent useless. These are stands that a great many people nowadays desire to take. The old loyalty to a Crown consciously distinguished from the political system is a natural expression of the new mood.

If royalism takes hold again, Elizabeth's subjects will begin to bring her into their calculations in a way impossible with her father and grandfather. The odd feature of the British limited monarchy, as compared, say, with the Dutch, is that it is not limited: not in the proper sense of having fixed boundaries. Generally speaking, nothing but an indescribable hotchpotch of custom and influence determines what the Sovereign can get away with. As the atmosphere changes, the amount the Sovereign actually can get away with may alter.

Just for a start, there are the recognized functions of advice and persuasion, which might be extended to other problems besides the Indian. Queen Elizabeth is thought to be much occupied with the Scottish Home Rule campaign. Also, the intense royalism of Ulster hints that she might some day manage to overcome the North's resistance to Irish unity—a thing which few British politicians would dare to try. Beyond the advisory sphere there lies a vast area of possible constitutional experiment. Take the Royal Assent, for instance. Acts of Parliament are converted into law by the Sovereign's signature, which has for generations been given as a matter of routine. But Government is now so enormous and so far-reaching that democracy itself calls for a check to the omnipotence of party majorities. Since no arrangement exists for voting on particular issues, the party elected into office claims a blanket endorsement for its whole platform, with disturbing results. Not long ago Labor insisted on nationalizing steel in the face of clear public disapproval, because its candidates, for irrelevant reasons, had scored at the polls, and that was the only test of a "mandate." The Churchill Government is repealing the measure, and if Labor returns, as it doubtless will, we may expect yet another change. This idiotic monkeying with a key industry provokes the query whether, under certain conditions, the nation might not recognize the Queen's right to withhold her signature. I remember seeing much the same point discussed in a widely read weekly even before the steel set-to, and a leading constitutional lawyer has admitted that there is no legal obstacle.

THIS suggestion is an example, no more. Its purpose is to show how the British people might loosen the grip of the monstrosity that holds them—loosen it by a seven-league stride, not back to the old Conservatism (God forbid), but back beyond that. If they do, the history of their part of the world will not rise to condemn them. Europe in 1900 was largely monarchical. Europe today is largely republican. The vanished monarchies were, on the whole, far more disreputable than anything likely to emerge in Great Britain. Yet their abolition has brought no progress in liberty, or in anything else worth having. No king, in those days, taxed his subjects 30 per cent. No king throttled their religion or prevented them from going abroad or clapped them by millions in concentration camps.

And this power which is milder than republics can also, in the national interest, be stronger. Republican constitutions even beyond Europe bring in politics, and therefore conspiracy and extremism, all the way up. An Englishman today cannot be blamed if he thinks of them in terms of the image of Alger Hiss at the elbow of Roosevelt. Communism may sweep royalty off the board by a frontal assault. It still has no technique for its infiltration.

THE HOURS OF THE PASSION

The False Trials

Wood Engraving By Bruno Bramanti

Caiphas, the prosecutor, asked a question. The question made it impossible for the innocent Christ to win

by ***JUDE MEAD, C.P.***

IT is the dark hour of the morning. A tall, pale man is hurried off into the dead of night for trial, imprisonment, and torture. Armed guards take Him by night for fear of the people. His enemies dare not take Him by day. They watched Him, looking for a fault, and found none. He taught daily in the temple but they did not apprehend Him.

His enemies try to make Him confess all manner of false deeds. Testimony is brought against Him. He is judged guilty before His trial. Falsehood, intrigue, wounded pride, and hatred for God have all coalesced in His condemnation, and in the dark hour a curtain is drawn over His trial and separates the innocent one from His friends.

Who is this man? His name is legion. When did this happen? Yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Jesus Christ is the Man of the Hour. And every hour is His triumph. From His first triumph over false trials, He has been conquering falsehood and intrigue and hatred of God in His Church. Pope Boniface VIII, Pope Pius VII; Cardinal Fisher, Cardinal Mindszenty; Archbishop St. Thomas a'Becket, Archbishop Stepinatz; the modern martyrs of Mexico and China continue in time the history of the false trials of their suffering Saviour who foretold this succession of persecution and injustice.

"If you had been of the world, the world would love its own: but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." (Jn. 15:19)

The story of the Passion describes simply the arrest and seizure of Jesus Christ. "Then the band and the Tribune, and the servants of the Jews took Jesus and bound Him, and they led Him away to Annas first, for he was the father-in-law to Caiphas, who was the High Priest of that year." (Jn. 18:12)

The medieval illuminators portray Christ as bound with ropes and chains as he is led from the Garden to Annas. He was violently goaded on by His captors and, weakened as He was from loss of blood in the Agony, He fell many times. Many commentators believe that at this time the gentle Saviour even fell into the brook of Cedron. "He shall drink of the torrent on the way." (Ps. 109:7) Christ was led into the city through the Golden Gate which was called the Sheep's Gate.

The first stop was at the house of Annas. This hoary politician according to Josephus had obtained for himself the dignity of High Priest by bribing the Roman governor. In the course of time his son-in-law and four of his sons also obtained this office, the youngest, when Annas was ninety. His great influence was due to his malicious tongue and tremendous wealth.

Why was Christ brought to this old rogue, who had no authority over Him? St. John gives us the first reason. Annas was the father-in-law of the High Priest, and such a consideration for the father-in-law would surely set the chief priests in well with the son-in-law. Both the Acts of the Apostles (4:6) and St. Cyril of Alexandria point to Annas as the very soul of the whole conspiracy against Christ. It was with Annas that Judas had bargained.

Annas takes advantage of this visit from Jesus to question Him about His disciples and His works. But Jesus is silent. Annas a judge without right, needles with more insistence concerning Christ's doctrine. Then Jesus silences Annas and covers him with confusion when He says:

"I have spoken openly to the world. I have always taught in the synagogue

and in the temple, whither all the Jews resort; and in secret I have spoken nothing.

"Why asketh Thou Me? Ask them who have heard what I have spoken unto them. Behold they know what things I have said." (Jn. 18:20)

What a blow are these words to the pride of the scheming ancient. In a single statement Christ has laid bare all his spying and prying by simply telling him to check again with his agents. This dignified answer of Christ so enrages and confuses the false judge that he is speechless.

ACTIONS speak louder than words, and one of the servants standing by gives Jesus a blow on the face, saying,

"Answerest thou the High Priest so?" (Jn. 18:22)

This blow in the face is a public insult, grievous in intent and effect. It is the thought that the servant who struck Jesus was an armed guard that induced the artists of the ages of faith to represent him with a mailed fist, the armored glove of ancient times. Thus even till now, the mailed fist is an emblem of the Passion.

The reaction of Jesus to this outrage is transcendent, rising above the rage of His judge, the violence of His attacker, and the prejudice of the bystanders as He gently replies:

"If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil; but if well, why strikest Thou Me?" (Jn. 18:23)

This time there is no answer. Guilt has silenced all. Embarrassed, Annas sends Jesus away bound, to Caiphas the High Priest.

Now begins the second false trial of Christ. This is one of the foulest miscarriages of justice in human records. A sacred tribunal endowed with religious as well as juridical authority was used as a tool for deicide. St. John Chrysostom says of this second false trial of Jesus, "It presented only the appearance of a court, in reality it was an assault of robbers."

This trial was false and unjust in every detail. It was false and unjust in the time at which it was held. According to the law, even the sacred body of the Sanhedrin was not to hold a trial at night, nor could a man be condemned to death during the night. But it is now long after midnight.

The intention of the trial was false and unjust. The judges had already decided on the death sentence for Jesus and the hearing was to be a formality only. The witnesses were false. There were no witnesses in favor of Jesus. None came forth, and if they had they would have been accused as accomplices.

When the false witnesses were brought forth, they contradicted one another. As David had foretold, "Unjust witnesses have risen up against Me; and iniquity hath lied to itself." (Ps. 26:12) When the High Priest saw what a fiasco the trial was developing into, he rose up and thundered:

"Answerest thou nothing to the things which these witnesses prefer against Thee?" (Matt. 26:62)

But Jesus was silent. Nothing had to be said, for all the accusations were patently trumped up charges.

Then the High Priest said to Him, "I adjure Thee by the living God that Thou tell us if Thou be the Christ the Son of God." (Matt. 26:63)

This was an astute question. No matter what answer was given Caiphas had a lever for condemning Jesus. If Jesus said no, Caiphas would condemn Him as a liar, claimant of a dignity not His. If He said yes, He could be called a blasphemer.

Jesus made answer and the Accused became the Judge. "Thou hast said it. Nevertheless I say to you hereafter you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God and coming in the clouds of heaven." (Matt. 26:64)

Then the High Priest, with dramatic hypocrisy, ripped his sacerdotal vestments and cried out, "He hath blasphemed. What further need have we of witnesses? Behold now you have heard the blasphemy. What think you?" But they answered and said: "He is guilty of death." (Matt. 26:66) This is the end of the second false trial of Our Lord. Justice has not only been blindfolded but torn limb from limb.

"Then did they spit in His face, and buffeted Him." (Matt. 26:67) Here is the peak of the hatred so open in the trial of Jesus. We are told by some of the ancient historians, that it was the custom of the times, and indeed the usual practice, for the judges to rise from their seats of judgment after they had pronounced the death sentence and spit in the face of the condemned. According to the testimony of the Evangelist, we see that this usage was vehemently complied with at the trial of Christ.

As the judges left the hall they struck Our Lord and gave wicked example to the soldiers and servants. It is amazing that when well-educated and prominent people, men with authority and position, abandon religion and morality they excel even the rabble in brutality. The events of Christ's Passion show this. The history of the French Revolution and modern reprisals of war prove that this proclivity is still alive.

The false trials of Jesus and their modern counterparts must fill this generation with astonishment and fear. With wonder, that the machinery of justice, man's share in the Divine Justice and his hope for human rights, can so readily be made the tool of evil men, and so rapidly descend to hypocrisy. With fear, that this instrument of freedom may yet be turned into a mailed fist to strike the innocent.

THE only way justice can perdure is when the law is loved, respected, and kept. We must begin with the Ten Commandments. The law of God should be honored once more in the American home. Children should again be taught respect for authority and the love of truth. Schools should accentuate the obligation of keeping the law and of upholding it, rather than the ways of defrauding it.

True justice and real jurisprudence are dispensed by men to men. Those trained in this science have a weighty obligation. In our day we see those who connive at breaking the law and overthrowing justice, fly to the shadow of the law and scream about infringement of their rights. But those who administer justice should do so without fear. They must imitate Christ.

Christ died because He loved the law of God. He died to save us from the punishment men were under from the law. He died that men might love the law and live under it. His own false trial is as new as tomorrow's headline. This generation cannot afford to miss this lesson from the Passion of Jesus Christ. "Blessed are ye, when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake: Be glad and rejoice." (Matt. 5:11) "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice and all other things will be added unto you." (Lk. 12:31)

TO A PHILOSOPHER, AGED FIVE

by SISTER ELLEN VINCENT, O. P.

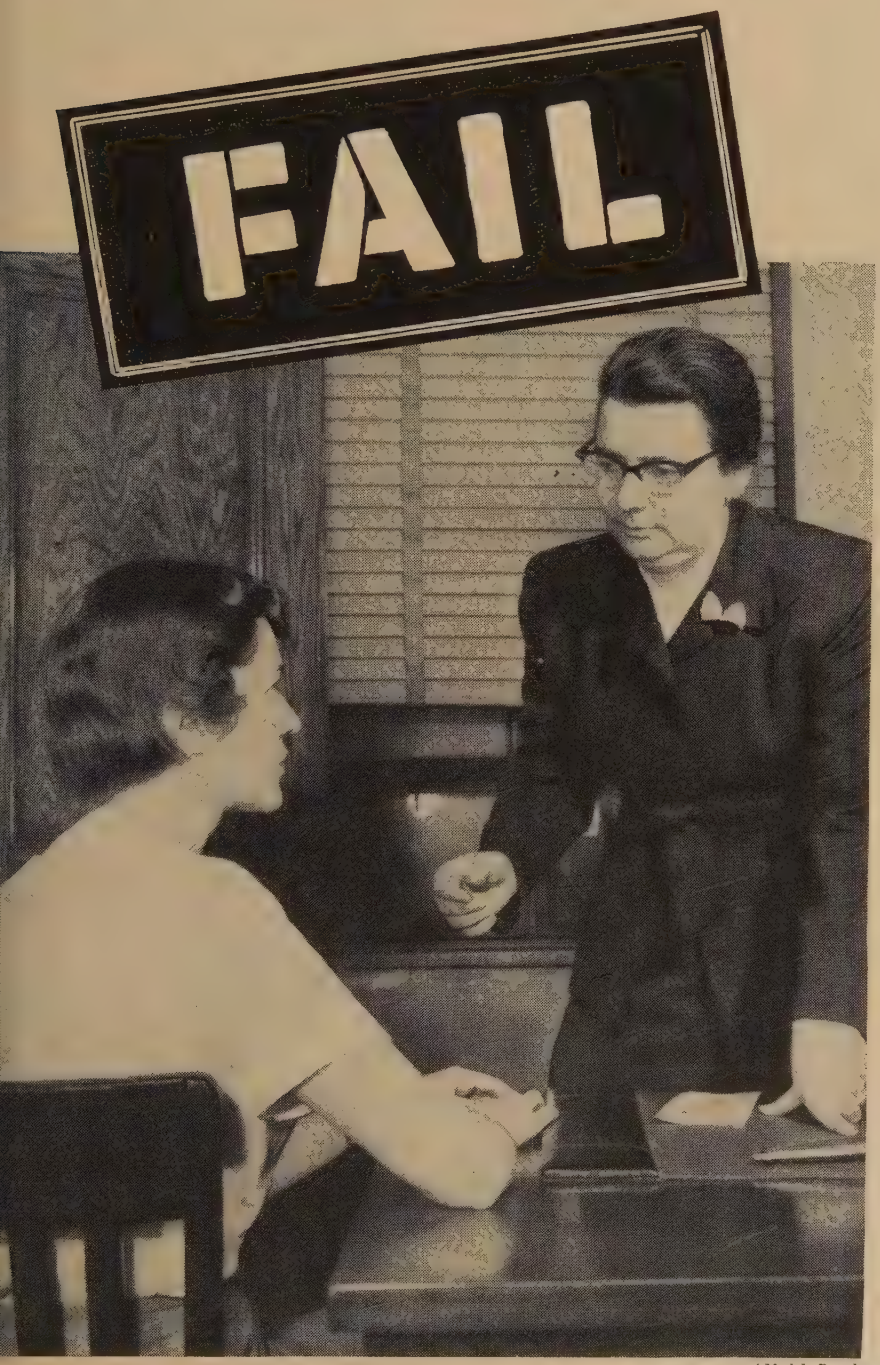
Above the blue and quiet of a flower
You finger petals with a touch like song
And light a word against a graying hour.
You open vistas, ranging far along
Past finity. Your musings, briefly spoken:
"How does God put the color in it?" plunder
My poor omniscience thus so deftly broken,
Yet sharpened at the whetstone of your wonder.

But did I know the answer to your query,
Matching the question with a sage reply,
Then were I Aristotle, never weary
Of plunges into lucid worlds of "Why?"
By what discernment do you understand
At five, dear child, the shadow of a Hand?

A look at the basic reasons for the mounting number of marriage failures that end in broken homes and neglected children

by ***GERALDINE F. MACELWANE***

Why Marriages



(Model Posed)

Judge Geraldine F. Macelwane discussing a marriage problem with a young wife in her study at the Toledo Municipal Court

"DAD, won't you please come home with us? We miss you so much. We need you."

Soft-spoken, straight from the heart, this tearful appeal was directed by a sixteen-year-old boy to his father, who sat in Domestic Relations Court, Lucas County, Ohio, obstinately intent upon abandoning his family of four for another woman.

His marriage, once so happy and successful, had been broken, and here, in the quiet of the courtroom, was his last chance to mend it. Judge Paul W. Alexander now was preparing to sentence him for contributing to the neglect of his three minor children through a defiant association with a forty-year old divorcee.

The boy's words seemed to echo in the heavy silence. In that moment of hope and opportunity, the father heard them and appeared visibly moved. His shamed and guilty eyes momentarily sought those of his attractive, well-dressed wife, the mother who sat at the opposite trial table with her three children. She waited tensely for his answer. So did the divorcee, an overdressed, brittle woman, outwardly calm, but suddenly none too sure of her power over "her man."

It was a critical moment, and the silence seemed to deepen. The happiness of a long-established family hung in the balance. An unprejudiced observer, companion of the decencies of life, could see but one choice for the father. Yet, amid the unspoken prayers that were raised at the nearby table, he remained mute.

Finally the judge spoke. "Have you nothing to say before sentence is passed?"

The father avoided the pleading eyes of his son. His own, wretched and wavering, sought the floor as he wrenched a single word from his lips: "No!"

For seventeen years, until repeatedly thrown with this divorcee who worked in his office, he had loved his family, had been devoted to the interests of his children, and had provided well for them. He hated to give them up, but stubborn fancies and a cold egotism would not permit him to admit that he had made a mistake.

An unusual situation? Not at all. As an assistant Lucas County prosecutor for fourteen years, and more recently, Judge of the Municipal Court of Toledo, I have repeatedly seen this courtroom scene duplicated with but slight variation. It is, indeed, typical.

Now let us consider the factors which led up to such a hopeless impasse between husband and wife and to their broken home. In doing so, we must go back to the establishment of the marriage itself, not alone in this particular case, but in all.

We must regard the training of the parties for the union which marriage is. We must ponder the education they received as children, in the schools and in the homes, and the training they were given in the matter of living. We must seek the reasons for the behavior which wrecked a marriage.

Individual traits are important, for they are as often the product of training as they are of inheritance. Selfishness, arrogance, proneness to irritability, personal habits of mind and nature, little quirks and quiddities—all these, unchecked and untutored by home training, propel many a marriage to swift destruction.

Even more important is the absence of God in the marriage, in the home, in the daily routine of life. So many couples never realize that they covenant before God to take each other for life. Secular influences affect them so greatly that they cannot meet the divine aspects of the contract, and thus God is absent from heart and mind when their solemn vows are spoken. He remains absent from the home they create and the family they found.

Out of such twisted and neglected natures comes this characteristic attitude, rooted in selfishness: "There's always something wrong with the other fellow, never with me." Such a feeling on the part of one or the other spouse always is fatal to marriage.

LET me illustrate. A couple came to me in Municipal Court chambers. For twenty minutes without interruption, the wife harangued about her husband's faults, detailing them at appalling length and range. Nothing could stop her until she had talked herself out.

When she finally paused for breath, I asked the husband what he thought might be wrong with their marriage. Timidly, he ventured the opinion that possibly it was his drinking, whereupon the woman again loosed her biting tongue.

"Is this your first marriage?" I asked when I could edge in a word.

"My third," she replied.

The first, she said, failed because she was only sixteen when she wed. Her second husband committed suicide, whether to gain surcease or not, she didn't say. Her third spouse, sitting before me, was another unco-operative individual in her opinion. Though the woman had been tongue-lashing her husbands since the day of her first marriage, she never could believe anything was wrong with herself.

Self-righteous persons, secure in an abiding belief in themselves and their "rights," are the most difficult to counsel. Conversely, of course, couples with sufficient intelligence and objectivity to recognize, then face their own faults, offer the greatest chance for success in an effort to salvage their marriages.

In such cases as the above, you find three of the dominant factors which contribute to broken marriages. The woman's training, of course, was all wrong. Selfishness was given full play, and her arrogant, stupid assumption that she alone was blameless, made it impossible to soften her attitude and bring her to a kind mood of co-operation. And certainly, God was absent from her heart, her mind, and her home.

This woman had attempted to erect three homes, each a unit in the basic foundation of society, and three times she had failed. It is the failure of such as she and all who pass through the divorce courts that we must consider today. The family indeed is the basic unit of society, and whatever undermines it crumbles the very foundation of society.

• A conservative is a man who doesn't think that anything should be done for the first time.
F. Vanderlip

Divorces are increasing, quite rapidly too. So greatly, in fact, that the National Council of Family Life, in its 1950 report, plainly calls marriage "a mess." Judge Miner of the Cook County, Illinois, courts, says that at least one-third of all marriages end in divorce or separation. Dr. Clark Zimmerman of Harvard University, maintains that if the present trend continues, divorces will equal marriages by 1957.

This is a frightful state of affairs. Consider, for instance, the fact that national reports disclose a divorce rate which is 25 per cent of the marriage rate. Dr. Zimmerman's forecast, if fulfilled, would mean an increase in divorces over the rate of marriage increase, large enough to equal it in five years time.

Some areas, we learn, already are far along toward that tragic state. In Los Angeles County in 1948, for example, the divorces granted totaled half the number of marriages. In my own county, in Northwestern Ohio, there were 5,884 marriages in 1950 and 2,055 applications for divorce. In short, the petitions for divorce, many of them granted, were about 36⅔ per cent of the total marriages.

NOW, if a number of people were destroyed physically in a flood, fire, or other disaster, we would recognize it as an enormous catastrophe, extremely harmful to society. Yet we seem unable to realize the great danger in the interrupted, often shattered, lives of those affected by divorce. Much more occurs than the mere separation of husbands and wives. Children lose their homes and the natural care and affection of parents. Juvenile delinquency grows dangerously. Many of these boys and girls fill our penal and mental institutions. And many others themselves make poor parents in their adult years, incapable of passing on to their children anything but the mistakes of their own blighted lives.

This is true, as the newspapers and official records inform us week after week. Yet, we appear insufficiently aware of this enormous danger to our nation.

Why has marriage become such a mess in the findings of the National Council of Family Life? As I have observed through experience before the bar and on the bench, it is because of a failure in basic training, particularly in the matter of teaching boys and girls to live properly and to keep God always in their presence. I say boys and girls, because it is in the early years that fundamentals of a seemly and right life are made part of temperament. They become in time, good parents, with a knowledge of how to train and develop their own children's minds and personalities.

And when it comes to the marriage contract, boys and girls so trained in a Christian atmosphere are prepared for the various trials and exactions of a happy union.

Marriage is an intimate relationship. Two persons entering into the marriage state are certain to have conflict of wills, but this need not prevent happiness nor ultimately destroy the home. The wills can be made to mesh like the gears of an automobile. Indeed, they will mesh if the two have been immunized against the factors which break homes.

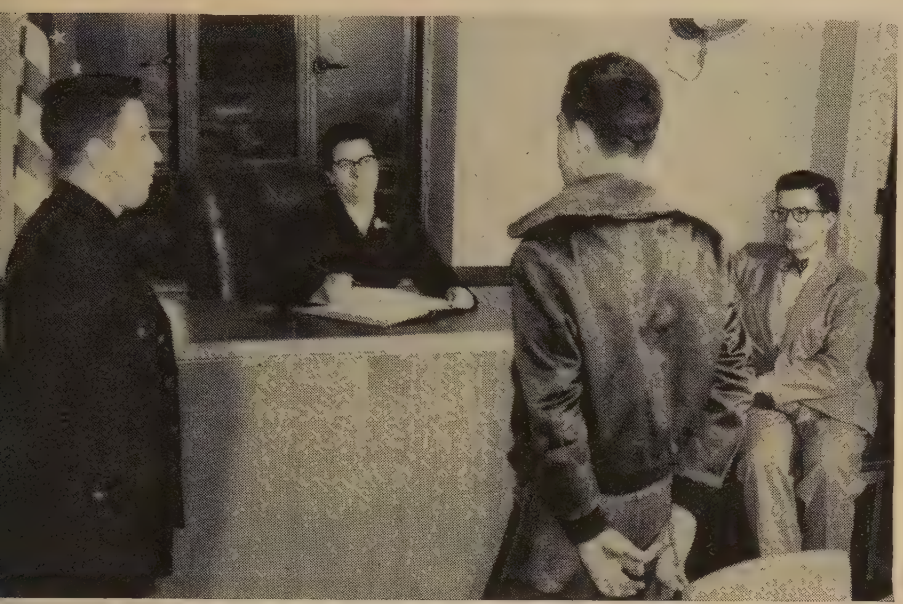
From petty resentments may grow mountains of discontent. For instance, a wife home all day with the children, settling their arguments, doing the household work, may develop that "put upon feeling." She has talked to no one more entertaining than the milkman, everything has gone wrong, and as the day wears on, she becomes more and more irritable.

Father comes home late for supper.

ossibly he stopped for a bottle of beer to talk to a friend, but it makes no fference. He is the first person she ally could talk to, so she takes it out n him. Small quarrels such as these nd to grow into more serious ones.

Now the idea that divorce is the cure- l for marital ills has saturated the inds of countless millions of Ameri- ns. Thus, it is easy for a disillusioned erson, man or woman, to say imme- iately, "I'll get a divorce."

But that does not solve the problem. uite the contrary, for usually it creates



Divorce and separation are responsible for a large portion of the juvenile delinquency and crime sweeping the country

long list of new problems, some social, me economic. No man can support vo families well, unless, of course, he is ery wealthy. The social problems are bvious.

Visit a divorce court any day, and see ne unwanted, unsupported children ho have been deprived of home and arents. Listen to husband and wife rangling over custody and support or- ers. Go later and see as I have, some f these same children from broken omes standing before the bar as de- nquents, or, in adult criminal courts, s defendants for some breach of law nd order. See this, and you will realize nat these children never had a chance, nat they came out of the school of roken homes, their certificates attested y court authorities; their lives ruined y parents who never had proper train- ng in the business of life, who forgot od and thus slid easily into the barren ays of selfishness and moral break- own. They are, indeed, primarily the roduct of living without God or Chris- tian charity and helpfulness in family life.

I never can forget the case of two youths, one eighteen years old, the other nineteen, both under indictment for the murder of a tavern keeper. The man had worked hard to buy his little place, and then, after years of labor, had sold it so he might return to Europe to live with his mother. On his last night before sailing, his passport to retirement in his pocket, he agreed to help the new owner for a few hours.

While on duty, the two youths held him up. When they fancied that he was resisting, they shot him down. As the jury retired to debate their fate, electrocution or life imprisonment, the mother of one of the boys came over to the trial table to talk to her son. He cursed her roundly, bitterly blaming her for his present predicament. And he was right.

The mother, thrice married and thrice divorced, was no more than a legalized prostitute. When the boy came home at night, he never knew who his father of the hour might be. He had received no maternal love, no care, attention, or training, and the streets constituted his school.

All the factors which lead to broken homes were evidenced in that mother, even to the moral breakdown, and particularly the absence of God. In my talks with hundreds of persons perplexed and distressed by marital difficulties, I have found only a small percentage who attend church regularly.

Recently, I asked a man and wife when last they had attended church.

"Oh, we don't go," they replied, "but we send our children."

"And how old are the children?" I inquired.

"They are three and five," the mother said.

I could not resist telling her that I hoped the children soon would be old enough to impart to their parents the lessons they had learned in church, so that they might be applied to the family's everyday life.

It is wrong for a couple to come into the divorce court under such conditions. They haven't really tried to make a go of their union. They have been too deeply interested in their own selfish aims and desires, their prejudices, their petty irritations.

Yet these same persons will return to the same court, again and again, because they lack equipment for living life together or with others. Lucas County records show, for instance, that 34.4 per cent of women and 31.5 per cent of men who appear before Judge Alexander in divorce actions are repeaters, or persons whose marriages failed at least once before.

USUALLY there was no need for the initial failure, since a little self-denial, a little effort to readjust differences in personalities and temperaments would have saved the marriage. I have had this from the lips of several women. There was one who had been married five times. Yet, at the end, she confided to me that there really had been no need for the destruction of her home. "I could have made a success of my first marriage if I had tried," she said. "None of my husbands were so different. Their good points and faults were about the same, just a matter of degree."

Because she had not tried to make her first marriage a success, the others were bound to fail. In other words, the mistakes of the past are almost certain to haunt the new marriage, and in the end, wreck it. This is true, because so many of those mistakes stem from factors which run like an unbroken thread through the whole broad marriage pattern, namely, selfishness and a lack of emotional maturity.

The attitude of so many people toward divorce, the lighthearted manner in which so many approach it, the ease with which it can be secured, make it extremely difficult for social workers, marriage counselors, and judges to save homes, once they begin to crumble under the attack of selfish, emotionally unbalanced, and Godless persons. It sometimes is like a poison for which there is no antidote. But that very fact makes it imperative for us all to face the evil and do what we can to end it.

A DAY AT THE FAIR

They found a measure of happiness in these stolen hours—but there is no abiding joy in the household of a selfish woman

by JAMES A. DUNN

LOUISE had been awakened by the rattling of the stove covers and the clatter of pans in the sink. She heard her mother walking across the protesting floor boards in the kitchen below. The child hardly noticed the petulant stream of words that mingled with the other discords. Her mother talked all the time; if no one else was present to listen to her complaints she talked to herself.

Slipping out of bed, the girl dressed with nervous haste, knelt at the bedside for the minute it took for her prayers, and then went down to the kitchen. She gave her mother a quick glance but did not speak as she eased in beside her to wash at the sink.

The mother jostled her impatiently. "Hurry up and get out of the way. I'm busy enough, Lord knows, without you bothering me. Get some more wood for the fire, and set the table, and get the twins and Ann up. Don't let her put on her good dress. If it is a holiday, the one she wore yesterday is plenty good enough. And call your father if he ain't awake yet. I got to get the eight-ten down to Hollister. Does seem as if the rest of you could at least get up to eat breakfast and let me get a chance to change my dress before I go. 'Course you father wouldn't think of doing anything, but he might at least get up."

Louise was not confused by the barrage of orders; she was used to being told to do several things at once. She dabbed at her hands and face with the towel, got some wood for the fire although the woodbox was still more than half full, finished setting the table, and went upstairs to call the other children. The twins protested sleepily at being awakened, but Louise shook them vigorously. "You'd better get right up," she warned them sternly. "Ma's downstairs, and she wants you to hurry."

She went into the room she shared with Ann, and found her just beginning to stretch herself awake.

"Jump up, and come down," Louise bade her.

"Can I put on my good dress?" Ann inquired eagerly.

Louise shook her head regretfully. "Ma said you couldn't, but don't you mind. We'll have a lot of fun today. Ma's going away."

Her father had been stirring about his room while she got the children up. Racing down the stairs, Louise overtook him as he entered the kitchen. He gave her a little smile, and a friendly dig in the ribs as she darted past to the stove to take over the frying of the bacon.

"Going to be a great day for your trip, Sarah," the father observed genially to his wife.

"I don't think so," she answered fretfully; "it's going to be hot. It will be nice to see Bertha, though," she conceded grudgingly. She took her place at the table. "You finish getting breakfast, Louise," she ordered.

She ate heartily, and went upstairs to prepare for her journey. The twins came down and sat at the table, but Louise commanded them sternly, "George and Robert, you get right up and wash, and comb your hair."

"Always bossing us," George sighed, but they rose and obeyed her.

"And why not?" their father demanded. "Isn't Louise the oldest?"

"She's only twelve, and we're nine."

The father sang lustily, "Nine and twelve are twenty-one. You're old enough to have some fun."

He was about to improvise a second

The father made a dive to restrain them until the rain should come to a stop

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM RUTHERFOORD

stanza when his wife reappeared. "Harry," she exclaimed, "will you keep quiet? Seems as if I'm ready to scream. Does my petticoat show? Where's my bag? Do you have to go to the station today?"

"No, Frank's going to take it today."

"Well, then you can take the carpets out and beat them, and wash the windows while I'm gone."

The twins exchanged glances, and the father hastily interrupted, "You'd better hurry if you're going to get that train." He ushered her firmly to the door. "Have a good time," he said, and dutifully he kissed her.

Louise was busy for the next few minutes. In the intervals of cooking, she washed Ann, helped her with her buttons, and combed her hair. By the time she was ready to eat, the others had finished and her own breakfast was cold, but she didn't mind. A blessed peace settled over the household.

The father lighted his pipe, and grinned at his four children. "The train to Fort Sharon goes at nine-thirty," he remarked.

They looked at him in sudden, excited expectancy.

"If you can get ready," he continued, "we might take a ride down there."

The twins whooped delightedly. "We're going to the Fair. We're going to the Fair," they yelled at Ann across the table.

"Can I wear my good dress? Can I?" Ann pleaded.

Louise had never been to the County Fair. Her eyes gleamed at the prospect, but she looked doubtful. "Ma said to wash the windows and beat the carpets," she reminded her father.

"She said we could. I suppose we could, but we'll do that some other time. Now you children run out and play while Louise and I finish the work."

The three small children scrambled hilariously out the door.

"Are we really going?" Louise asked incredulously.

"We're going to make a day of it," her father assured her.

Louise darted about the kitchen, clearing off the table. Nothing, it seemed to her, could be more entrancing than to go down to Fort Sharon to see the Fair, but if her mother knew of such extravagance. . . .

"Pa," she said hesitantly, "do you think Ma will be mad?"

He hesitated a moment. "Don't you worry," he said. "I want you to have a good time today."

Louise resolved firmly to put misgivings out of her mind. Whatever her father said was right.

She called in the children and with practiced hand applied soap and water and brush and comb to each in turn. She deliberated for a moment and then ran upstairs to get Ann's good dress.

They set out for the station, Ann dancing along excitedly between her father and Louise, and the twins scampering ahead as outrunners. At the station their pleasure increased to new intensity; their presence here was proof indisputable that they were really on their way. They waited impatiently for the train.

"Here it comes!" the twins shrieked.

The father made a dive for them to restrain them until the train should come to a stop. Louise held tightly to Ann's hand. Aboard the train they settled themselves in two facing seats, and breathed in appreciatively the intoxicating smell of travel, the odor of varnish and plush and smoke, cut sharply by the tang of oranges. In only a minute or two, it seemed they had left familiar scenes behind them and were hurtling through new and adventurous territory. Louise leaned back in her seat and tried to relax.

She wanted desperately for them to have a good time. Ann and the twins would anyway; they were too young to let anything impair the pleasures of the moment. For herself it was not so easy. In spite of her resolve she had not succeeded in dispelling her anxiety; she had only buried it in her mind and she was uneasily aware that it was there.

• A radical is a man with both feet planted firmly in the air.
—Franklin D Roosevelt

She made a determined effort to force herself into a carefree mood. If she didn't have a good time, her father would sense it and be disappointed. He must not be disappointed. She knew how much careful planning and how many small economies this expedition had cost him. If only she could be sure that their truant holiday would not bring upon them the nagging resentment that she feared and that she had seen her father suffer so many times in patient silence. Well, maybe Ma, herself, would be so refreshed by her own day away from home that she would be indulgent.

Her father took his pipe from his pocket and then put it back. "Why don't you go back to the smoker?" Louise suggested. "I can take care of the kids all right."

He assented with a slow smile. "Well, if you can manage, I think I will."

For the next hour Louise was too much occupied in entertaining Ann and in keeping the restless boys in order to worry herself with ominous forebodings.

Just before the train pulled into Fort Sharon her father reappeared. "Here we are," he announced cheerfully.

As they left the train they could hear only a short distance away the carnival sounds of the Fair. The piercing toots of the calliope, the gay music of the merry-go-round, the cries of the barkers, and noise of the crowd quickened their pulses as they merged with the throng surging toward the gates. As they entered the grounds, the tents with their gaily fluttering pennants, the lurid posters of the sideshows, the gaudily decorated booths burst upon them with the stimulating impact of some romantic and exotic pageant. Over all hung the rich Fair smell, the odor of wood and canvas, sizzling hot dogs, boiling coffee, and, dominating all the other fragrances, the heavy persuasive aroma of hot buttered popcorn.

IT was a good day. A satisfying day. It was early evening when they returned to the station to board the train for the trip home. Almost as soon as they were settled in their seats in the train, Ann and the twins fell asleep and Louise was free to enjoy her reflections. The impressions of the day drifted through her mind in a kaleidoscopic stream. She saved for another time the pleasure of sorting them out. There would be things to think about for days to come, she told herself happily as she recalled the exhibits, the merry-go-round, the trotting races, the firemen's muster, the tent minstrels, the sideshows, the balloon ascension—all the wonders they had enjoyed.

The father had taken them to see them all. He had even given them money to spend on the games of chance. "Not much chance to win," he told them good naturedly, "and when you do win you get nothing worth taking, but everyone is entitled to the privilege of being swindled once in a while." The boys had promptly squandered their money in unsuccessful attempts to win two-cent canes, sinister looking candy, and cotton Indian blankets, but, unobserved, Louise had slipped her money into her pocketbook.

It had been a good day but now as weariness began to subdue the excitement that had her keyed up, Louise was attacked again by the worry that resolutely she had kept pushed from her while they were at the Fair. When her mother heard. . . . She glanced at her father and tried to guess from his expression whether he was dreading the scene they both knew was in-

vitable, but he looked composed—a ttle tired, but serene.

The train ground to a stop at their ation. The father picked up Ann nd carried her home without awaken- ng her. The twins were too filled with onfections and too sleepy to want upper. They stumbled off to bed as oon as they reached the house. After ne younger children were disposed of, Louise set out supper on the kitchen able for her father and herself.

"Well, we made a day of it," the ather said with satisfaction as they ate n quiet companionship. "You had a ood time, didn't you?"

"I never had such a good time be- ore," she told him.

SHE was washing dishes when she was startled to hear her mother's ootsteps; they had not expected her o take an earlier train than the nine 'clock. The screen door had not yet anged behind her when the mother's ailing voice reached them.

"Whew! What a day! I don't know hen we've had such a hot one. Of ourse it would have to be the hottest lay of the year when I took a trip. 've got a splitting headache."

By this time she had entered the itchen and her voice rose in increased ndignation. "I suppose you couldn't ut the kettle on; you knew I'd want cup of tea as soon as I come in."

She dropped into a chair and fanned erself ineffectually with a handker- hief.

"Have a good time?" the father asked.

She sighed dolorously and loosened er dress at the throat. "If anyone ould enjoy themself in this weather." She continued with more life. "Berth's wful miserable. I don't know how she keeps going. Louise, ain't that water eated yet?"

"Not quite." Louise hurried from antry to table, setting out food for er mother. When the water boiled he poured it on the tea.

The mother ate hugely and with atisfaction but her hearty feeding did ot interfere with her conversation. Her commentary on the day poured orth unimpeded. She took a doleful leasure in describing Bertha's ailments nd the ills and misfortunes of Bertha's amily, friends, and acquaintances. Suddenly, in the midst of the recital, he stopped short.

"Did you get the windows washed?"

There was a momentary silence. Her usband pretended to be busy lighting is pipe.

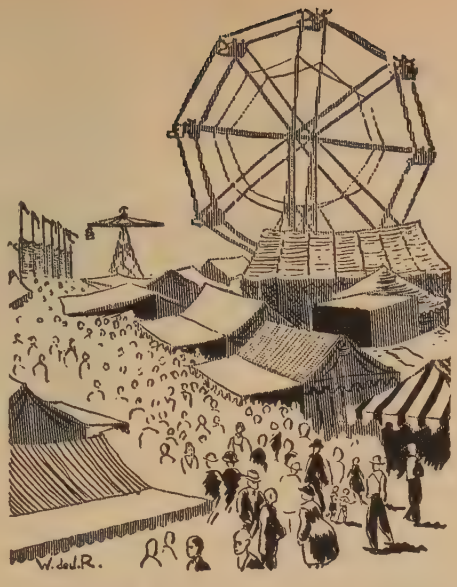
"Well, did you?" she persisted.

"No," he admitted.

"You didn't! Why not?"

"We went to the Fair," he confessed.

"You went to the Fair! You'd never



They could hear only a short distance away the carnival sounds of the Fair

think of asking me to go any place, but as soon as my back is turned you sneak off. Well, I ought to be used to that. Working and slaving, day in and day out, but as for getting any thanks for it . . . " She went on and on.

Louise slipped out in the midst of the tirade. She went upstairs where she got the necklace which she had purchased with the dollar her father had given her to spend at the Fair. She hoped fervently that her mother would like it. Much anxious thought had gone into its selection.

Her mother's back was toward her as she reentered the kitchen. Louise crept up behind her, and, reaching gently around her neck, attempted to fasten the beads. The mother jumped as though an electric current had shocked her. She uttered a startled cry, turned, and slapped the girl across the face. The beads tumbled unheeded to the floor.

"If you ever scare me again like that, sneaking up behind me . . . " the mother threatened as her voice rose almost to a scream. "Now get off to bed."

Without a word the girl fled from the kitchen. Not a sound escaped her until she was undressed and in bed. Even then her sobs were subdued. She felt utterly hopeless. It had always been like this. Festivities always ended in tears. In the kitchen below she heard voices that gradually died away as her mother slammed the dishes into the dishpan. In a few minutes Louise heard her mother's heavy footsteps going toward the porch. The screen door banged. A chair creaked. Then the house was in silence.

A little later Louise heard her father's footsteps on the stairs. He came into the room and seated himself on the chair beside the bed. For a little while he didn't speak. Louise had stilled her sobs at his approach, and there was only the quiet breathing of Ann, sound asleep in her crib, to break the quiet.

The father reached out and found Louise's hand.

"We had a good time at the Fair," he said. His voice sounded as though he were trying to smile as he spoke.

Louise didn't trust herself to reply but she tightened her grasp on his hand.

There was another pause and her father began again, groping awkwardly for words that came with difficulty. "You mustn't feel too bad. Sometimes your mother says and does things she doesn't mean. She's very nervous."

He searched for words that eluded him. "Your mother's always been disappointed; she's never been able to take things as they are, and that's very bad on a person. If I'd gotten along better. . . . When we were married she was sure I'd be division superintendent. I used to think a little about that myself . . . but I'm still agent at the same little station on the same branch line."

Louise moved nearer to the side of the bed so that she lay closer to him.

"SHE isn't very well either. Those headaches she has must be hard to put up with."

Ann stirred a bit in her crib, and he waited until she was quiet again.

"I wouldn't be surprised if she feels pretty bad already about slapping you. She picked up the beads after you came upstairs and you'd have been sorry for her if you had seen the look that came over her face. I think she'd come up if she could, but she doesn't know how."

He bent over the bed, and Louise seized him in her thin, strong arms and held him for a moment as he kissed her.

"Now, good night," he whispered, "and don't you mind. We'll have lots of other good days."

She squeezed his hand in tacit thanks, and he left the room. Louise lay for a long time without moving in the quiet darkness. The clean fragrance of the meadows and the drowsy hum of the crickets drifted through the open window. She began to relax in tired peace. For all the maturity forced upon her, she was still a child, and she sank gently in the child's refuge of deep and easy sleep.

JAMES A. DUNN is a member of the faculty at Norwood (Mass.) High School. He has published stories and articles in many leading magazines.

Idea for the Future

Catholic Information Centers are needed to give the Church a hearing at secular colleges

by J. EDWARD NUGENT, C.S.P.

IN his controversial, free-swinging book, *God and Man at Yale,* William Buckley presents a convincing case that in many classrooms at Old Eli there is little time or regard for God and religion. In some courses there is a climate of unfriendliness. In others downright hostility. Few professors can be accused of championing religion.

The Yale story is pretty much the story at other big-name schools from Harvard to California. It was definitely true at California when I served as one of the chaplains of the Newman Club there.

The situation is unfortunate. But it is also unfortunate that many Catholics have concluded that since some professors at these schools are atheistic, agnostic, and indifferent, therefore all the students in such schools are atheists, agnostics, and indifferentists.

Although it is not so, Buckley's book gives them a chance to chant "I told you so." It confirms what they have suspected in the matter of attacks on religion at secular universities. The professors are no good. The students are just as bad. The entire situation is hopeless. The best policy for the Church is one of "the Great Divide."

If Christ meant His words, "Go into the whole world and make all men My disciples," then adopting an isolationist attitude toward the students in secular schools is a wonderful way *not* to go about it.

Write off the student bodies of such schools as Yale, Harvard, California, Michigan, and others and you close your eyes to a whole world of potential converts. To Paul, who leaped up to speak to the men of Athens, this would seem a strange development in missionary approach.

On every campus there are a surprising number of students, like Buckley, who sit through courses in which religion is sneered at and ridiculed, yet they are not sold on the teacher's ideas. Some of them fight back, others shrug off the professor's opinions. Many of them are not sure what they are looking for ultimately as a way of life. But of one thing they are sure. They can see through the phoniness of what has been offered to them as a substitute for religion.

At secular universities there are many students groping for the truth. We have seen evidence of this in our work at the Catholic Information Center in downtown Boston. Each year the Center is visited by a surprising number of non-Catholic students from Harvard, M.I.T., Radcliffe, Simmons, Wellesley, Boston University, and other colleges in the Boston area.

They come for many different reasons. Some just to present questions about the Church to one of the Center priests. Others to check on statements they have heard about Catholicism. Others to use the reference library to check the Catholic stand on certain questions. In talking to them, the Center priests have discovered that practically all of them are looking for something to guide their lives. Many of these students eventually enter inquiry classes and become Catholics.

These facts prove that there is a great world of potential converts in the halls of ivy throughout the land. Our problem is how to reach them.

Some will raise the question, "What about the Newman Clubs?" The answer is simply that the Newman Clubs were never intended to do convert work. Their work is to "hold" the Catholic students in the Faith. This in itself is a staggering job. To turn to convert work would be at the possible expense of losing present Catholics.

Something more is needed to bring the Church to those students who are searching.

This something is the establishment of Catholic Information Centers near the campuses of our larger universities. Based on the idea of the Downtown Information Centers, which have proven their worth, these units should be dedicated to making known the facts about the Church.

The problem in getting to the non-Catholic student is primarily one of communication—the problem of making available to him information about the Church in a location and setting that is easy to reach. They shun the Newman Clubs, feeling they are for Catholics. But these Centers would be specifically for non-Catholics.

The size and elaborateness of such a Center is not a consideration. The main thing is to have it staffed by priests who know the problems facing the non-Catholics as well as what is being said about the Church in the classrooms and textbooks of the secular schools. There should also be a library of Catholic reference books to answer the needs of the inquiring student.

It is a cardinal principle of Catholic apologetics that if we can get a fair hearing for the Church's teachings, they speak for themselves. A Catholic Information Center near the large universities would give us this hearing. Something the Church is not getting at many colleges today.

In addition to its conversion possibilities, such a Center would win good will among the future intellectual leaders of America.

A Catholic Information Center near every large university would be a voice for the Church near the intellectual heart of America and a very valuable new tradition in Catholic growth.

Radio and Television

by DOROTHY KLOCK

V—Behind the Scenes

There's a very large percentage of
ople who like to find out what makes
ings tick, so this month let's go
hind the scenes in television and take
look at some odds and ends of infor-
ation that might prove interesting to
u if you belong to that percentage.

CBS Television City in Hollywood
es into coast-to-coast broadcast opera-
on on October 1. The four mammoth
udios of its initial unit will start with
production capacity of 28 hours per
eek, almost half the present output of
18 CBS Television studios in New
ork which currently produce 59½
ours per week.

Each of the new Hollywood studios
ll have more than twice the produc-
e capacity of CBS' largest New York
udio's current output. The new studios
e capable of turning out 22 times as
uch entertainment in a year as any
the largest Hollywood movie lots, and
out 23 times as much annually as New
ork's entire legitimate theater. The
rgest movie lot produces 64 hours and
minutes of finished edited film in a
ar of movie-making, while the New
ork legitimate theater turns out a total
60 hours of different stage entertain-
ent annually.

Speed and mass production are the
ajor factors of difference between tele-
sion and all other theatrical produc-
on. It is the time factor which dic-
ted CBS' eagerness to have a factory
sembly line as a partial model for
roceeding. The buildings are really a
ell covering a highly efficient machine
r fast, efficient production.

CBS-TV is making of Television City
pilot plant, a laboratory workshop
here production problems can be
udied and ultimately solved. This
ewest of Hollywood television head-
uarters is infinitely flexible and ex-
ndible, able to accommodate changes
every kind. It is a shell equipped
ith movable walls which stand ready
move out in any direction this as-
nishing television might take them.

The Leading Lady Wore . . .

Here is the story of Rose Bogdanoff who as senior costume designer and consultant has created in less than four years an outstanding costume department for NBC Television in New York.

"Four years ago," said Miss Bogdanoff, "we had 12 people using one desk in a room which was also used to store scenery and props, and to house the scenery designers and three announcers who worked from 4:00 P.M. until midnight. We used the announcers' desks until they arrived. Then we had to use the floor—for sewing, alterations, and design. Oh yes, Dick Smith, the make-up man, was in that room too, as well as the whole titling department. We were about 30 in there. The Marx Brothers had nothing on us in *A Night at the Opera.*"

Now the costume department is headquartered in what used to be the green room of NBC's Center Theatre in New York. There are eight designers now, with several free-lance designers working on individual shows and using their own offices.

As senior designer, Miss Bogdanoff is responsible for costuming *Television Playhouse, Robert Montgomery Presents, American Inventory,* and *The Goldbergs.* Miss Bogdanoff was asked how she was able to maintain this heavy weekly schedule.

"Only with the most careful scheduling," she replied, as she pulled out a monumental graphic chart which indicated the costume changes involved in a single show. The chart, which she compiles after reading the script and conferring with the director, lists each performer, his role, the scenes (with period and costume changes noted, if any), and a check mark in the scene opposite the actor if he's playing in it.

One actor looked at the chart, noted the costume changes he was supposed to make with split-second timing between scenes, and flatly said, "Impossible!" At the dress rehearsal, Miss Bogdanoff showed him that he was wrong, for she has evolved a system of rapid changes with clothes racks and mirrors placed behind the scenery. A staff of four wardrobe assistants speeds actors and actresses with their back-stage changes.

Rose Bogdanoff came to NBC after long experience in the theater. Born in Philadelphia, she attended the Art Institute of Chicago and the San Francisco Art School and first worked professionally at the Greek Theatre on the University of California's Berkeley campus.

On Broadway she worked for five years with Jo Mielziner, for another several years with Robert Edmond Jones, and designed costumes for such outstanding stage plays as *Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Summer and Smoke, The Rose Tattoo,* and *Peer Gynt.* She taught at the Yale Drama School, Fordham, the New School in New York, and the University of Nebraska. She has also costumed several movies. She finds the fast pace and the great variety in her work make it the most exciting thing she has ever done.

Make Mine Stuffed!

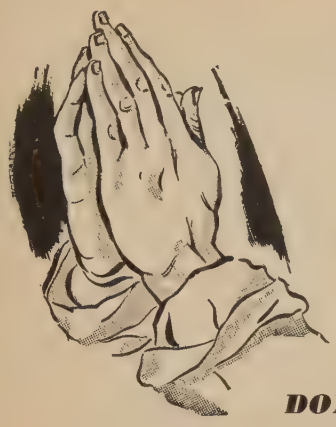
The days of the antimacassar and the whatnot may be over, but the stuffed animals of that Victorian era still have their place in contemporary life—in the television studio rather than under the glass bell on the mantle.

Elmer E. Rowland and Fred Sauter, who've been taxidermists for well over forty years, were about ready to call it a day when television gave them the nod. The NBC-TV props department needs every inch of its storage space, so when a stuffed animal is required, a rental is in order. Limp-necked birds, bears standing on their hind legs, moose heads and tigerskin rugs that haven't been moved in years are leading a busy life on NBC television screens these days, and those of other networks, too, of course.

The greatest difficulty in filling television requests, according to Rowland, is that video requirements always seem to call for a bird or animal in a pose different from what he has available. When he makes one up to order, he seldom gets a repeat request for it.

The birds and the beasts are not nearly so roughed up by handling as one might expect. Most of them are pretty sturdy unless slammed across stage in a comedy routine. Rowland and Sauter have made some birds with loose-jointed wirings so that they can take quite a beating. These are popular with the Berle Show. Skulls of horned animals are in popular demand for Western television shows. And, of course, there's nothing so eerie as a little stuffed monster of some kind to add just the right touch to a mystery.

Rowland and Sauter used to have



Spiritual Thoughts for the Month

by

DOM HUBERT VAN ZELLER O.S.B.

The Loaded Dice Fallacy

It looks very much as if there are certain people who attract to themselves certain particular kinds of tribulation, and who go on attracting them right through life. Sometimes we can see that they deserve what they get—and in these cases there is no stumbling block to our belief in the planning of a universe on the part of an all-wise and all-good God—but sometimes it seems to us like a run of sheer bad luck.

The truth is that we see the effect and not the cause—and so assume that the effect was, in the case of these unfortunate people, without cause—unreasonable chance, bad luck, a curse.

Now, though we deny the possibility of any sort of hoodoo in this matter, we would hold without scruple that a particular kind of failure does exercise a certain fascination and so tends to repeat itself.

There is no question of bad luck or a curse in all this. It is simply what you would expect in the lives of those people whose temperaments are out of tune with the circumstances which surround them. Once thoroughly disorganized interiorly by a crisis of some sort which they have failed to meet and overcome, they go on losing confidence in themselves (or in people or in God) until the time comes when they are more or less at the mercy of failure.

Their defenses are down. They expect to be attacked and to be overcome. They see failure a mile off. Under such conditions, history cannot but repeat itself. But this is not effect without a cause: the cause is want of hope and trust.

"Well, it's bad luck all the same to *be* like that," you may say; "an ordinary person *isn't* under the curse of such discouragement." Where is the bad luck in laying oneself open to defeat? How can there be a curse upon the man who advertises his vulnerability? It is in the moral order that these facts have to be seen in their true character. If a soul complains that his sin is inescapable, he is admitting to himself and to the devil that he has given up resisting. His sin has slipped through the defenses of the will so often that it has trodden down a path into the mind.

But this is not just bad luck. It is an effect produced by a number of causes: some of them natural, some psychological, some moral—but all of them allowed for in the scheme of grace and by the Providence of God.

It Takes All Sorts

Mentally we tend to divide mankind into groups. Sometimes into smaller groups, but mostly we put people into one or other of two sweepingly comprehensive categories.

"The world is made up of those who are either . . ." and then comes a classification which differentiates between the people who are religious and the people who are not; between those who have a sense of humor and those who have not; between those who understand what you say and those who do not (which, incidentally, is as good a broad division as any)—right down to the border line which apparently exists in nature between those who know how to wear their clothes and those who do not.

One of the truest of these classifications, which are at best arbitrary, would be that which compared the people who made their contributions toward life with those who were merely passengers. This would mean that on the one side you have the man who trades with his talent, who gives out energy, who in other words *lives*, while on the other you have the man who leaves the rest of the world to do the work; who wraps up himself and his talent in the smoothest of napkins, and who imagines that God and religion and humanity exist solely for his own convenience.

This is one of the few divisions which really does seem to show that we cannot serve two masters. Our allegiance may wobble at times, but if our normal mood is that of feeling that we owe no obligation to the world outside ourselves we can hardly be said to serve anyone else but Mammon.

fifteen employees in the heyday of the popularity of taxidermy. Now they handle the business themselves. They haven't encouraged any younger members of either family to follow in the tradition because, in spite of television, they regard it as a dying business. What with big estates being broken up and their owners moving into smaller houses or apartments, and few big game hunters on the prowl any more, there isn't much room in homes or even clubs for stuffed trophies. What's to become of these creatures when Rowland and Sauter retire?

"They'll outlast us," predicts Rowland.

Weather to Order

Rain, fog, fire, smoke, snow, and wind—NBC's Special Effects Department has 'em all.

NBC's rain comes in three sizes—small, synthetic, and wet. In that order (1) a common, garden-type watering can may be emptied just in front of the camera; (2) a synthetic rain is made by glamme, a cellophane-like plastic woven into a cloth, the strip attached to a drum which is rapidly revolved. One camera shoots the actual scene, the other shoots the revolving glamme—and the superimposed images make it rain.

Wet rain (number 3), on a 12- by 24-foot scale, is produced by soaker hoses of unimpregnated canvas held above the scene to be televised. Water is exuded through the pores of the canvas, falls into a tank which is under the floor-boards on which the actors stand, and is pumped out as fast as it drops. The tank is acoustically treated with excelsior or glass wool to avoid noisy "plops." It goes without saying that this is the most effective.

What about snow? Falling snow can be produced by a plastic spray, bleached cornflakes (a Hollywood stand-by that's a little noisy for television), confetti (very convincing except that it doesn't melt indoors), and powdered ice (which melts as "snow" but the mechanical system needed is too noisy.) James Glenn, head of NBC's Special Effects Department, is currently working on a secret device that will create a synthetic snowfall that the viewer won't be able to tell from the real thing.

For a dressing of snow, Glenn finds that powdered gypsum, marble dust, and dairy salt are all good, the last named, especially for snow banks or ledges on which the salt is piled and then lightly sprayed with water to give it a crusty, frozen look.

If you're a Special Effects man, you're expected to do nearly anything—and sometimes—even anything! And you do it, all the time.

THE NATION'S TREASURE CHEST

Three Lions Photos

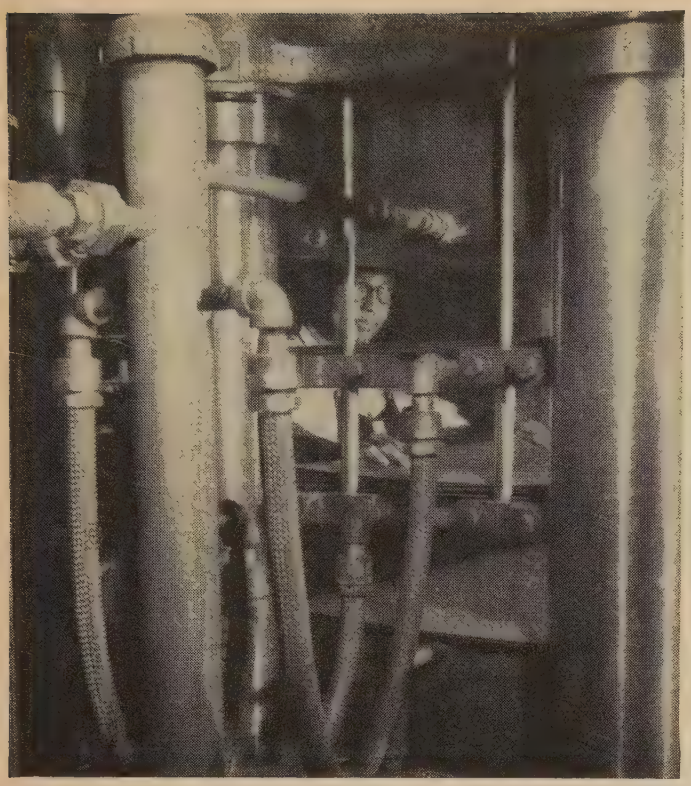
The National Archives Building in Washington, D. C., which houses federal records.

A trip through the National Archives, a storage house for the Government's many records and historical documents of lasting value

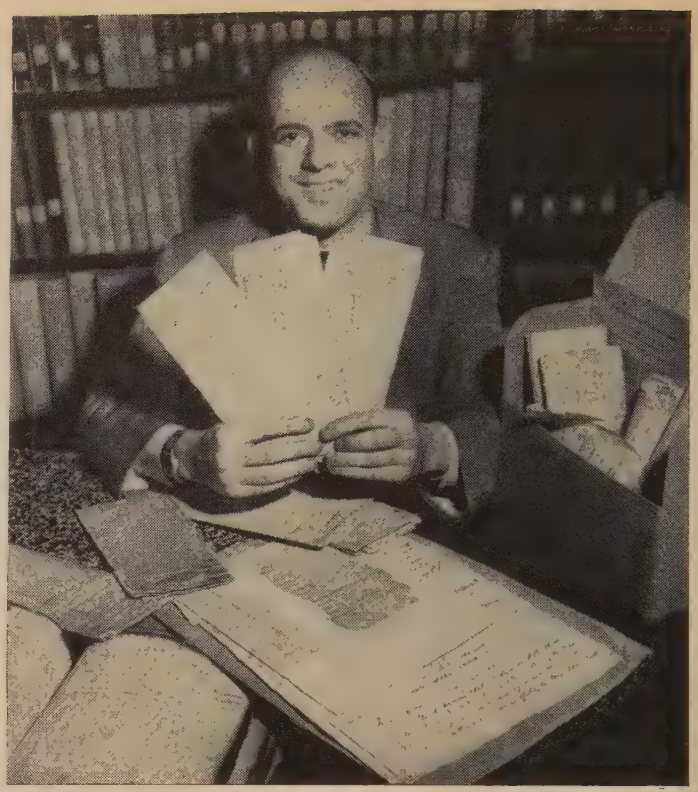
• In a huge marble and granite building called the National Archives, in Washington, D. C., the United States Government stores its many papers, documents, treaties, petitions, and other important and treasured records. Established in 1934, the Archives at present has about 900,000 cubic feet of permanent records available. They range from the Revolutionary War to the present day and consist not only of documentary material but also maps, charts, photographs, motion pictures, and sound recordings. No matter how useless, the many records accumulated in running the nation may not be destroyed without proper authorization. Because of this, although it possesses some of the nation's most priceless documents, the Archives is also compelled to retain many useless, and some humorous items.

In the exhibition hall of the building, such historical treasures as the World War II surrender documents are always on display. In its normal function, the National Archives selects, preserves, and services the records of the Federal Government judged to have lasting value. Documents are cleaned, repaired if necessary, shelved in air-conditioned storage areas, catalogued, and made available for the use of the Government and the public.

A Sign Picture Story, Continued on Next Page

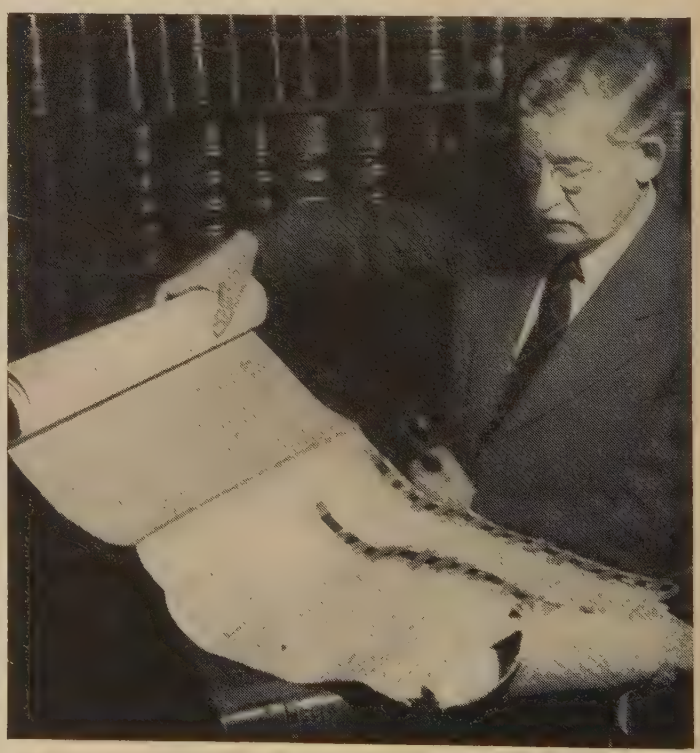


Foil-covered documents processed on this hydraulic press are made fireproof and will last 500 years.

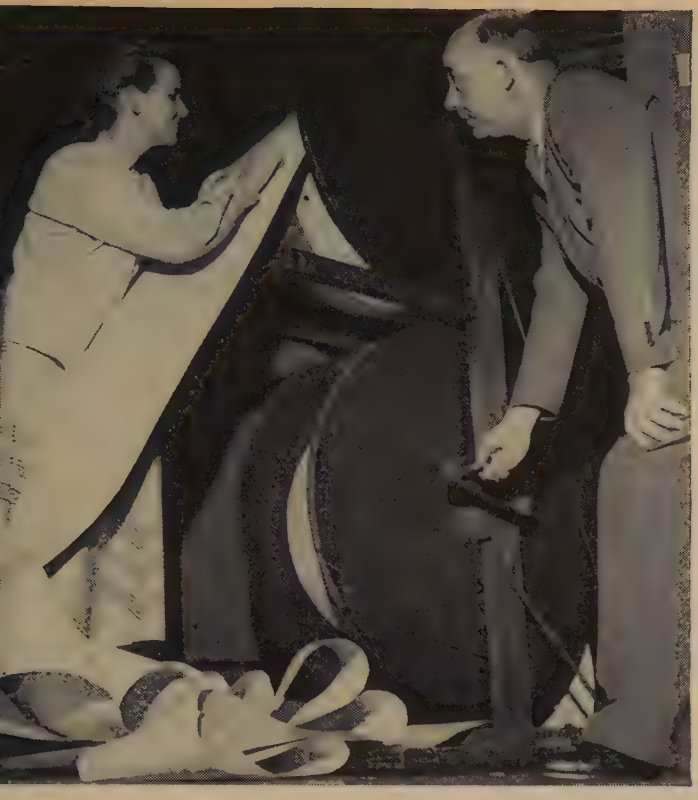


Among records are patent applications. Archivist displays two from Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain).

President Grant received this whale's tooth with a treaty from King Thakolan of Fiji Islands in 1870.

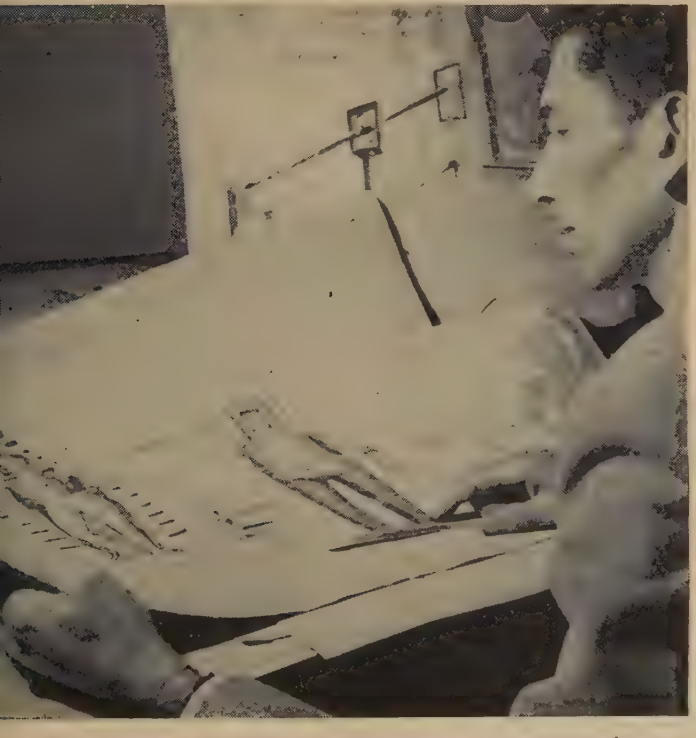


Treaty with Great and Little Osage Indians, signed in 1825. It is one of more than 400 Indian treaties.



Petition by 150,000 Massachusetts citizens for Department of Roads presented to Congress in 1893.

Captured disc from last War bearing Count Ciano's speeches. Archives has 500,000 sound recordings.



Suit of submarine armor and diving dress patented in 1800's are just two of many oddities in Archives.

Photographs and motion pictures form large share of records. About 54,000 reels of film are on file.

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

What is "Catholic Action?"

UNDER SOME circumstances, the phrase, "Catholic Action," has in our day become a fighting word. I don't mean fighting the devil and his works, but fighting each other. And it might be well to remember as a warning the famous story of the Kilkenny cats, who fought so hard that eventually they ate each other up and there was nothing left!

The irritation which reaches me in letters, the occasionally bitter remarks on the subject, prompt me to ask just what the definition of Catholic Action really is. It is not, we hope, and according to the not very humorous definition, interference of the laity with the clergy. And we hope it is not what some lay people seem to consider it: the right to spread the Gospel and all social works with little regard for the clergy's advice or authority.

I am not going into the matter in any subjective way. I am going to set down objectively an incident which to me seems to define what true Catholic Action is, or ought to be.

Catholics in Action

IN A SMALL section of New York which is just in the process of filling with city people who want to live in unspoiled country but with modern improvements, a young woman—herself a Catholic and a mother of young children—discovered that, with the nearest Catholic church quite a few miles away, there were children in this locality who had never been to Mass or learned anything of their Faith. From public school lists, she found which children were Catholic, called up their homes and offered her station wagon, a room in her home, and the possibility of religious instructions for any children from eight to ten who would be allowed to come.

All winter, once a week, the work went on, with the devoted help of seminarians from Maryknoll. This spring, there was one intensive week with the Sisters in the nearest parochial school, and then came the great day of First Communion.

Not long before I went to this one, I had seen a First Communion group in another church, a fine, large building, where everything had gone off very correctly. The church was beautifully decorated; the children were as appealing as children always are at such a time, for there is something about a group of first communicants that brings one close to tears. However, save for their being there and for the one important act, the children had no active participation in anyway; they were asked no questions, they joined in no audible prayers.

Now I come to the other group. They made their First Communion in a small, white, wooden church, with a simple, flower-decked altar. The group of white-veiled little girls and white-suited little boys marched in. But somehow from the beginning there was a charming informality about everything; you sensed that this was a children's day, a family affair. An anxious nun sat watching to see that all went well, but she had nothing to do except look anxious while the children were being catechized by the pastor.

When it came time for the children to receive, they went up to the altar, two boys and two girls at a time. After the Mass, the pastor and his assistant came forward again. With holy water, the pastor blessed the children and then too from a long rod, which his assistant held for him, scapular Each child came forward to have one put around his nec and went solemnly back to his seat.

After Mass, the child in whom we were especially inte ested informed his family that there was to be breakfast fc the first communicants in the church hall. We learned lat that it was really a feast, cocoa and orange juice and buns and also ice cream and cake!

"Suffer the Little Children"

THIS IS what I call Catholic Action. A laywoman wh only for love of souls, and a group of seminarians who (as learned later) had given their one free afternoon of the wee to come here to teach these children and who had give them not only instruction but a sense of joy and intima in their faith. These children were not only in the Churc now; they were of the Church.

At the Mass, the pastor made this clear, too, when h spoke to the children. He told them of the many things h wanted them to pray for—for their Church and that in thei own area a church would soon be built; for the world an for peace; for children in other countries who were no allowed to go to church like this; for the Sisters and th seminarians who taught them and also, he added, "for me for I need your prayers." And then, after the long list, h said comfortingly, "You don't have to repeat all these thing every time in your prayers—just pray for all the thing Father wants you to pray for."

The little church had definitely been made a religiou home for these children. The other church, for all its exce lent music, its well carried out service, was giving th children only one more set of rules to follow. Unless church is like a home it will not impress young children We must give them the sense of being a necessary part o the Mystical Body, they too as well as cardinals and mon signori and fathers and mothers.

So often there is lack of understanding, of comprehensio of the importance of the child, his value to the future of th Church. And a church where no more games can be playe in the auditorium because it has been repainted and th paint might be scratched; a church where Newman Club are discouraged for anything more than a religious talk an there must be no soft drinks and cake and dancing after wards; a church where young people playing games in th auditorium disturb older lay folk who complain that th noise interferes with their private devotions—these churche are not the homes they should be.

Not by anticlericalism (often expressed in such sill ways) and not by antilaicism either, will the Catholi Church in our land advance spiritually. Saddest of all, it i usually the children who suffer from the quarrels. If i every parish we have unselfish and devoted laywomen an men to give time and take trouble to see that little childre come to Him, young seminarians who unselfishly give thei small amount of free time to such a task, pastors who hol their arms wide and make children feel at home, and devote Sisters who give anxious hours to questions and answers an also to cocoa and cake—if we had all this together, I doub if we would even have to talk about Catholic Action.

Books

THE HIDDEN FLOWER

By Pearl S. Buck. *308 pages.*
The John Day Co. *$3.50*

Pearl Buck

Although this is the era supposed to be distinguished for its liberal thought cults, convention to a large degree still holds that East is East and West is West, and frowns on any permanent union of the twain. A marriage that dares to defy color and breed forms the framework of Pearl Buck's newest opus, a grim but withal superficial romantic tragedy in the "Butterfly" vein.

Unlike Butterfly, however, Josui Sakai is only incidentally Japanese. Born in California, she was brought to the homeland when her father chose repatriation rather than an Arizona internment camp after the outbreak of World War I. Five years in Kyoto had not completely severed her American loyalties, and her attraction to Allen Kennedy, a fair-haired Virginia lieutenant of the occupation troops, is more compatible with her upbringing than the formal courtship of one of her own countrymen.

Their marriage, though performed by a Buddhist priest, is nevertheless untenable to Dr. Sakai—and equally abhorrent to Mrs. Kennedy, who refuses to accept Josui on the couple's return to the States. The Virginia law, in fact, is on her side, and that plus the persistent pull of a charming circumstance named Cynthia combine to disillusion the weak-kneed bridegroom.

Recognizing the hopelessness of her position, Josui leaves quietly and goes off alone to bear the child of whom Allen has no knowledge. Incongruously, the baby Lennie is adopted by a refugee German Jewess who has learned tolerance through Hitler's purges and who appreciates the child as the flowering of both civilizations.

As usual the author excels in summoning the reader to an understanding of the light, delicate beauty and ancient ritual characteristic of the Orient. But even her ardent admirers must admit that, neither as a story teller nor as a mediator in the trial of race prejudice, does she offer much progressive thinking on the problem.

LOIS SLADE.

BACK DOOR TO WAR

By Charles C. Tansill. *690 pages.*
Henry Regnery Co. *$6.50*

According to Dr. Tansill, Professor of American Diplomatic History at Georgetown University: "The main objective in American foreign policy since 1900 has been the preservation of the British Empire." This characteristically strong and controversial statement sets the tone for this account of the record of American diplomacy during the last half-century. For, throughout, *Back Door to War* is marked by the vigorous personal reactions of the author. As an example, the bitter hostility to Woodrow Wilson apparent in Dr. Tansill's earlier *America Goes to War* continues in this volume. Wilson is dismissed as a "so-called statesman who promised peace while weaving a web of war." F. D. Roosevelt also arouses distaste. Even the source of his family fortune is somewhat unnecessarily evoked as tainted—"dubious smuggling operations" along the China coast. Henry L. Stimson, however, is the particular villain of the action, sometimes in the role of a machiavellian plotter, sometimes as a mere bungler.

It is not only the statesmen who share the author's contempt. His fellow historians also receive an occasional slap. Robert H. Lord, for instance, was characterized by his "lack of objectivity" on the Polish question, "a case of hysterical rather than historical scholarship." William E. Dodd, former Ambassador to Germany, possessed a "second-rate mind that had mastered merely the dubious fundamentals of how to get ahead in the historical profession." These gratuitous criticisms add nothing to the value of the book.

Dr. Tansill has made exhaustive use of the files of confidential correspondence in the State Department. He writes interestingly and sometimes even brilliantly. These qualities combine with the highly subjective tendencies already mentioned to make *Back Door to War* a stimulating and polemical work.

HENRY L. ROFINOT.

POSTMARKED MOSCOW

By Lydia Kirk. *278 pages.*
Charles Scribner's Sons. *$3.00*

Lydia Kirk, wife of Admiral Alan G. Kirk, U. S. Ambassador to Russia from 1949 to 1951, has not completely escaped the contagion of diplomacy's social milieu. In a book devoted to memories of her two years and four months in Moscow, she seems incapable of not rhapsodizing over dinners, picnics, and weddings at which counselors and other embassy officials are the principals. Much of her book, in short, is about as impressive as the society page of a newspaper.

And yet, although Mrs. Kirk, by training—and also, one regrets to suspect, by temperament—knows how, by warming or cooling her prose, to distinguish a high-ranking embassy official from a low-ranking one, she does have the eyes and ears of an observer. If half her book is concerned with embassy social trivia, the other half is concerned with Russian sociological trivia: quick, revealing snapshots of daily life as it is lived, or endured, under an elaborate and godless bureaucratic dictatorship.

These sociological trivia, these snapshots—what Russians eat, what kind of clothing they wear, what kind of plays and music they sit through—build up. Informally but assuredly, they build up to a composite portrait of the gray, grim, heartless, relentless way of life of Russian Communism.

In *Postmarked Moscow* then, the passages about Moscow are interesting. But they are hard put to it to counteract the tedium of the passages about embassy dinners, picnics, and weddings.

JONATHAN DRAPIER.

RAGE OF THE SOUL

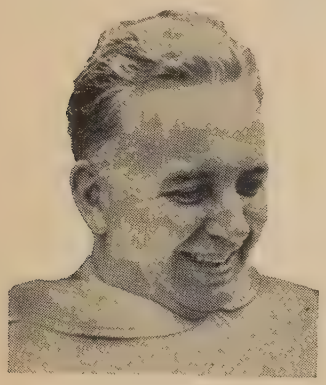
By Vincent Sheean. *313 pages.*
Random House. *$3.50*

Vincent Sheean

Elizabeth Redwood, leading lady of *Rage of the Soul,* is one of the frailest in modern fiction and probably the most unlikely. Suddenly, in her middle thirties and after years of happy marriage, she is turned by the death of her little son into a girl who in twenty-seven languages can't say no. As a remedy to this condition, she sets out, not to see a capable psychiatrist, but on a journey to ancient India, seeking from the wisdom of the East, the Reason For It All.

While she is absent from Washington and him (and the book generally brightens up when she *is* absent,) Charles, her

He welcomed De Gaulle to Notre Dame under Nazi snipers' fire



One Sky To Share

by
RAYMOND LEOPOLD BRUCKBERGER, O.P.

Translated by Dorothy Carr Howell

These French and American journals of the Dominican soldier-priest are the exciting, revealing record of a unique personality.

Father Bruckberger fought with the French Commandos. He was an eyewitness to the tragic fall of France. He risked life daily as Chaplain General of the French Resistance. And when Paris was liberated he received Gen. De Gaulle at Notre Dame Cathedral.

American readers know him for his delightful parable THE SEVEN MIRACLES OF GUBBIO . . . for his work with Jean Giraudoux on the prize-winning film *Les Anges du Péché*, and as editor of the brilliant periodical, *The Trojan Horse*.

Now he is living in America—which he evaluates with Gallic enthusiasm and deep spiritual insight. His journals are packed with interest, excitement, acute and witty opinions of men and events—a book to read with delight, and to remember. *Drawings by Jo Spier.*

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diplomat husband, embarrasses the State Department by befriending and engineering the escape of two members of a satellite legation. This part is exciting and refreshing. Mr. Sheean, however, prefers burning lips and Hindu mysticism to such cloak-and-swordsplay, and we are returned too soon to the contemplation of Elizabeth's misguided aspirations and ill-suppressed desires.

Her itinerary gives Sheean a chance for *National Geographic* details on life among the gurus, but, when he reverts from travelogue to fiction, subjects Elizabeth and his readers to unlikely interludes with sexy sea captains and Indian wisemen emitting electro-magnetic rays.

Although the backgrounds in the book are colorful, and, like a good newspaper release, often informative, they do not redeem a novel whose minor characters, with Charles Redwood's exception, are puppets on a string, and whose heroine is less like a rational woman than a yo-yo.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

UNDER THE SEA-WIND

By Rachel L. Carson. *314 pages.*
Oxford University Press. *$3.50*

Rachel Carson

To the landlubber, the sea is just a body of water over which we have no control, mystifying and horrifying, but to Rachel Carson it is beauty and excitement. The unfamiliar beauty of the seas is attributable to the moonbeams and sun rays reflected by bronze and silver bodies of herring, rampaging bluefish, crystal snails, and millions of luminous plankton animals. For excitement the sea offers the pursuit of giant tunas by ravenous killer whales, the flashing of blue and green mackerel as they strive to escape the razor-toothed anchovies, the roving cannibal ctenophore plundering the waters of all small fishes, and finally the stealthy fisherman and his net.

The first part of the book depicts the bird and fish life along the shores of our continent from the North Carolina spring to the Arctic winter. The second and third parts trace the life cycles of Scomber, the mackerel, and Anguilla, the eel. These sympathetic portrayals from protoplasmic egg cell to parent fish give the layman an appreciation of the struggle for survival taking place in the silent depths of the sea.

Under The Sea-Wind was first published in 1941, but the success of Miss Carson's recent book, *The Sea Around Us*, has stimulated its reissue. Miss Carson's artistry has transformed what might have been a mere chronicle of natural history into a sensitive and dramatic story of life. The wonderful poetry of her style and the unusual subject matter of the book combine to provide a refreshing experience for all who read it.

LOUISE BRAXTOR.

SPIES, DUPES, AND DIPLOMATS

By Ralph de Toledano. *244 pages.*
Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown. *$3.50*

R. de Toledano

The loss of China to the free world has been declared by a presidential candidate to have been one of the greatest international tragedies of our time. Then he added that he did not know who was to blame.

The White House aspirant would do well to study this book by the co-author of *Seeds of Treason*, which Mr. de Toledano describes as a re-examination of "the causes and mechanics of America's suicidal Far Eastern Policy." The dramatic and fearful story brings up to date the newest revelations regarding the spies, dupes, and diplomats responsible for swinging China into the Soviet orbit. Underneath a factual, objective style and formidable documentation, there is discernible a strong undertow of moral indignation.

At the end the author poses a question which, in the light of his massive evidence, seems to have only one answer. He asks whether American policy in the Far East must be ascribed to concentrated stupidity or to a widespread and deep-rooted conspiracy. "Stupidity," he comments, "can go only so far."

The tale begins with Richard Sorge, most fabulous of spies. His "righthand man" in the Far East was an American woman, Agnes Smedley. Her influence on General Stilwell was "tremendous." John P. Davies, Jr., of the State Department, hailed her as one of "the pure in heart." Among other close friends were Owen Lattimore, Guenther Stein, T. A. Bisson, Edgar Snow, and Evans Carlson.

The Sorge apparatus consisted of only twenty agents and cost the Soviet Union, from 1936 to 1941, about $40,000. It was a microscopic culture of plague germs, but from it were bred, as the author shows, Pearl Harbor and the downfall of Nationalist China.

RICHARD L. STOKES.

THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE

By Arthur C. Clarke. *199 pages.*
Harper & Bros. *$3.50*

Tired of the daily parade of TV cattle hands? Of Sunday traffic tieups? Of the same old view from the front porch and

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the same old skyline? Would you like to go somewhere, away from it all—say, to the moon? Well, Brother, you can. Maybe not tomorrow, nor even next year. But if your arteries are sound and you continue to look both ways at crosswalks, you might make it in ten years.

To prospect the canals of Mars or the fog-shrouded fields of Venus, you might have to wait a little longer. And you'd better forget all about vacationing in some other solar system on a planet with a climate like the Florida coast or the Riviera. There are such planets, but they are too far away to be reached in any ten lifetimes. But the journey to the moon is definitely in the bag.

Rockets are what will do it. They have already developed speeds of more than 5000 m.p.h. When that speed can be stepped up to 25,000 m.p.h., nothing more will be needed except a good aim. 25,000 m.p.h. is enough speed to tear a rocket out of the earth's field of gravity and supply the momentum necessary to drift it to the moon. 25,000 m.p.h. is "escape velocity." Once that velocity is reached you can turn off the motors and coast.

Mr. Clarke is a rocket specialist and a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society. He succeeds in showing how much stranger and more interesting scientific fact is than scientific fiction. Especially the fact that some men now alive, if they do not actually make reservations for a lunar trip, will almost certainly have to look at films shot by a neighbor who did.

Mr. Clarke is a good scientist but a poor metaphysician. It is good science to say that many extra-solar planets would support human life. It is bad metaphysics to conclude that surely a race of intelligent beings has evolved on them.

HENRY EDWARDS.

Happy Memory

▶ When a friend secured his release from the alcoholic ward, a certain actor solemnly swore off drinking. Several hours later, the same friend ran into the actor in one of his old haunts. Noticing that the thespian had imbibed quite a few, his friend protested:

"You promised to stay on the wagon. How on earth did you get such a bun on so soon?"

The actor smiled dreamily, then murmured:

"Drink by drink, pal, drink by drink."

—David Greene

HEAVEN AND EARTH

By Carlo Coccioli. *318 pages.*
Prentice-Hall. *$3.50*

Carlo Coccioli

Heaven and Earth is the story of Don Ardito, a priest and saint in the making, whose vision of the spiritual life is so intense that he cannot compromise with life, cannot whittle down heaven to fit man's conceptions, cannot rest until he has given everything, even his life, to fill out the redemptive process among men. The story is told in a terse, dramatic style, as though the author as well as his protagonist had looked on the central mystery of Christianity and had never been able to turn his eyes away again.

"What does it mean to be a Christian?" Don Ardito asks. "It means to take part in the greatest mystery that ever shook the universe." What would happen, he asks, if men believed, really believed, that God sent His Son to the world to redeem man by dying for him, and that every day this sacrifice is repeated on thousands of altars all over the world? Would not the blazing heat of their love burn through the world until it was consumed, then renewed again?

He exhorts the poor to ask God to continue their sorrow, to sprinkle the path before them with tears, to suffer, suffer, suffer, because they are the heralds and builders of heaven. He utters the word, Jesus, and it is like a man knocking at the door who is greeted with the question, "Who are you?" and answers with the words, "Your own self." Men say, the earth is here, heaven there, but Don Ardito says there is a bridge between, which is love, and suffering is the price of love. Though suffering all his life for others, Don Ardito thinks himself a failure because men do not love him, and yet he is no failure—the intense purity of his soul refuses to let them misunderstand the true nature of their love. It is God, not Don Ardito, they love, even though their passions betray them into thinking otherwise.

The story is written with a lyric intensity that fits the subject and is filled with beautiful and interesting ideas which are transmuted into the terms of art. It is, in my opinion, a great novel, even though the intricate way it is told

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Edited by Very Rev. Matthew Hoehn, O.S.B., B.L.S.

This *new*, authoritative, interesting volume of 374 intimate biographies of Catholic authors is a supplement to the preceding work, CATHOLIC AUTHORS: CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, 1930-1947, which is listed in Constance M. Winchell's, GUIDE TO REFERENCE BOOKS.

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sometimes retards the reader's emotions rather than aiding them. To read this book is an experience never to be forgotten.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

FAITH IS A WEAPON

By Thomas B. Morgan. *278 pages.*
G. P. Putnam's Sons. *$3.75*

Thomas Morgan

Mr. Morgan, a veteran United Press correspondent, presents a fervent "state of the union" survey of the Catholic Church in front of and behind the Iron Curtain. With zealous pen, he depicts the struggle between Catholicism and Communism in fifteen European countries.

From statements and writings of leading prelates and laymen, the author has attempted to demonstrate a resurgence of faith in nations where the Red string is fiercest. Using the individual response of each nation to the Holy Year call to Rome as a kind of yardstick, Mr. Morgan proves clearly that fidelity to Rome is unyielding. His descriptions of the ways and means employed by the nations to travel to Rome are both entertaining and informative.

Of more than usual interest is the author's explanation of how the Church has operated in political spheres to hold back the Red tide. In some nations—like Belgium, for example, Church-State combinations are open and unquestioned. But in nations long known for their violent anticlericalism, a number of ingenious linkup organizations have been formed which allow the Church to make its power felt ballotwise and yet maintain its separability.

A well-known theme emerges again and again: the age of martyrs has returned. Many are the names and valorous are the deeds of those who have resisted the Moscow-directed drive to reduce Europe to slavery. The cruelty of the oppressors seems to make a mockery of attempts to bargain with them.

Faith is the author's answer to the challenge, as indeed faith was the answer in Nero's time. But implicit in this thesis is the necessity for self-sacrificing work. To those who still cling to the hope that one can appease murderers and thieves, this book and its message are definitely recommended.

FRANCIS X. GALLAGHER.

THE ALEXANDRIANS

By Charles Mills. *675 pages.*
G. P. Putnam's Sons. *$4.00*

Charles Mills

The business of labeling novels of negation as art seldom has been better exposed for what it is—a gross contradiction in terms—than by the positive excellences of Charles Mills' *The Alexandrians*, which, because it has been conceived in terms of eternal values—specifically of love, and truth, and eternity itself—cuts down to size, by inevitable comparison, those puny "realists" whose undergraduate nihilism is all too widely confused these days with creativeness.

Chronicling the entire one-hundred-year history of the imaginary Southern town of Alexandria through the lives of literally scores of its residents (a woman whose life spans most of the century gives the work, not a heroine, but a focus), Mr. Mills has produced an intimate study of a community attitude. Detailed through the family crises, the polite pretenses, and the unending gossip of the townsfolk, that attitude emerges steeped in temporal values, with materialism its substitute for eternity, pretense its salve to guilt, and rationalization its deference to the inevitability of death.

Despite the enormous cast of characters, delineation is subtle and sure, for these people, with few exceptions, are believable, flesh-and-blood creatures. Mr. Mills' style is every bit the equal of his prodigious task, at times rising to an

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—John C. Wayne

unmistakable lyricism, and overall there is a respect for human dignity that permits pity for even the more unsavory characters.

The final section suffers from repetitiousness and a peculiar attitudinizing that seems out of joint with the work as a whole, but these are minor flaws, at best, in a novel that, for its Catholicity of thought, massiveness of concept, and polished technique is one of rare distinction. Unhesitatingly recommended.

CLARE POWERS.

THE PAPACY: A NEW APPRAISAL

By John P. McKnight. *437 pages.*
Rinehart & Co., Inc. *$5.00*

J. P. McKnight

The author, a Protestant newspaperman and former correspondent of the Associated Press in Rome, has undertaken a rather lengthy account of the Catholic Church and her Popes because they have "perennially challenged" him. "The Catholic Church is like garlic and goose barnacles, bull fights and Shostakovitch in that, once you have experience of her, you cannot be entirely apathetic," says Mr. McKnight. He calls his book *The Papacy: A New Appraisal,* but he stops along the way to consider such topics as religious radio and television programs in the United States and to criticize the latest translations of the Bible.

In his attempt to be fair to his subject, the author often fails because that subject has so very many theological aspects unfamiliar to the journalist. Mr. McKnight wants you to take religion seriously, yet he will not admit that the omnipotent God who established an apostolic Church was wise enough to keep her from teaching substantial error. "I hold the doctrine of papal infallibility to be palpably absurd," he says.

The portrait of Pope Pius XII is intimate and drawn with kindness. It stretches over half the book. Mr. McKnight has a vast admiration for the Holy Father and feels he is "the best guarantee that American Catholicism will not try to subvert American Democracy." The Pope's efforts in behalf of world peace are generously treated.

In all Christian Churches, but especially in Catholicism, there appears to be more vigor, instilled by the challenge of materialism and Communism. Quoting the historian Toynbee, the author sums up his views: "Unquestionably Catholicism is the form of Western Christianity that is showing the most vigorous signs of life today."

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THE PERFECT JOY OF ST. FRANCIS

By Felix Timmermans. 344 pages. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50

Despite the gay colors and frolic touches which give this novel of St. Francis of Assisi's lifelong love affair with Lady Poverty the air of a Unicorn tapestry, it is far more than just another pretty tale of the little brown-clad confidant of the bunnies and the birds. Here is a Francis cast in heroic mold—a leader, crusader, strong endurer of suffering. Descriptions of the Middle Ages' way of treating his blinding eyes are terrifying. It is an intense and finished portrait of a dedicated man.

The minor characters as well are drawn with economy and force—the translucent Clare; Francis' turbulent and bewildered father; the little priest on the mountainside; the ragamuffin band of boys who were his first community—they are as clear, as individual as figures edging an illuminated manuscript.

There is nothing pre-Raphaelite in Timmermans' Middle Ages. The first Franciscans starve and thirst and freeze. His action scenes are thrilling: the death and despoiling of the Pope's body, Francis' interviews with the great Cardinal Hugolin, the struggle over the rewriting of the Franciscan Rule. Above all, in the interpretation of Francis' fiery piety, the book's focal point, its writer never falters.

Occasionally, as in even the best

Opportunity Knocks

▶ For hours he had been the polite but unwilling audience to a monologue delivered by his host. He despaired of escape as the voice droned on and on, going from one subject to another. Finally, the bore interrupted himself to say,

"Speaking of elections reminds me of the time . . ."

Seizing the opportunity, the guest looked at his watch.

"You're right," he exclaimed, "I had no idea it was so late."

And abruptly he made his departure.

—Joseph E. Brunner

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nslations (and this is one of them) hrase may grate. As a whole, how- r, *The Perfect Joy of St. Francis* is uperlative piece of work.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

RCOTICS: AMERICA'S PERIL

y Will Oursler and Laurence Dwight Smith. *284 pages.*
oubleday. *$3.50*

rcotics addiction—and the personal erioration which follows on it—makes orrible story. But like all horrors, it kes fascinating drama. The profes- al writer who elects to compile a k of it is giving himself about as d a break as he could get.

uthors Oursler and Smith have done that. But they have done a lot e. They have heightened the topical eal of their material with a lot of ellent writing and sound research. y supply a history of narcotics use, licit and illicit; case histories iction at all age levels; case histories suppliers, from small pushers, who il to individual addicts, to drug ns like Elias Eliopoulos and top- nbers of the Mafia empire. They too, of the operations of Narcotics nt, George White, and his infiltra- of the Chinese tongs with their in- ational drug deals.

uch of the material in *Narcotics: erica's Peril* was dug out of the files he F.B.I. and bears the stamp both uthenticity and realism. Doubtless, e is much information about the g peril which this volume does not al. It does, however, present prac- lly all of the facts which have mass rest for the American reader.

that interest is, perhaps, a bit bid, it will serve, nevertheless, to e up the complacent to the need of ctual regulation of the traffic in nar- cs.

MARTIN TANSEY.

URNEY TO THE FAR CIFIC

y Thomas E. Dewey. *335 pages.*
oubleday. *$4.00*

Thos. Dewey

v York's politically essful and shrewd ernor Dewey made 1951 a swift tour ough the Pacific . A V.I.P. who cov- forty-one thousand es in a few weeks s not thereby at- n historical perspec- . Unless one is interested in Dewey self—in the people he met, the ru- s he heard, and the food he ate—*rney to the Far Pacific* will offer ning unavailable in a good news- er.

e does, however, affirm some truths often ignore or forget: (1) Successful land reform stopped Communism in Japan. (2) The best of American culture is unknown in Asia; gangster movies compete with Russian art. (3) Russia's occupation of Korea was dynamic and consistent; ours was muddled and uninspired. (4) Chiang must take his share of the blame for the loss of China; he could not successfully invade the mainland. Nevertheless, we should not and cannot abandon him. (5) Indo-China, the Rice Bowl of the free East, is geopolitically of central importance; if Communist China attacks, the French might well have to evacuate. (6) Despite their immaturity, the Republics of Indonesia and the Philippines are our best advertisements for democracy in the Pacific.

Dewey disclaims expediency as a political approach but in fact embraces a morally questionable notion of propaganda. Optimistic and exuberant, he appears ignorant of Eastern culture and unaware of just how radically we must change our paternalistic and condescending attitude toward the Asiatic peoples. He provides neither insights nor solutions to the vast problems that beset us.

WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM.

SHORT NOTICES

GREETINGS. By Thomas J. O'Donell, C.S.C. 51 pages. Nat'l. Catholic Community Service. 25¢. A recurring, modern experience is the agony of induction into the armed forces. The experience is both popular in its scope and dangerous in its circumstances. Draftage boys don't like to be yanked out of the familiar and leisurely comforts of home. When they are, they are apt to step up their life to a hot-rod pace by way of emotional compensation. *Greetings*—named for Uncle Sam's welcome to the new warrior—takes the young inductee aside and sets him straight on a lot of important occupational problems like dolls, drink, dice, and getting to confession. It is packed with realistic advice. It is as well written as a book can be.

THE ETERNAL PURPOSE. By M. Philipon, O.P. 112 pages. Newman. $2.25. The eternal purpose which gives the title to this book is man's eternal blessedness, achieved by sharing in the eternal happiness of God. Author of treatises on the spirituality of St. Thérèse of Lisieux and of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, Pere Philipon here writes more generally of man's supernatural life and supernatural destiny. Faith, love, and Catholic Action represent the activity of the sons of God. Suffering is a valuable circumstance of their earthly career. Eternal life after death is the

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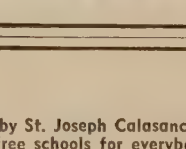

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goal of all. *The Eternal Purpose* pro vides a panorama of religious factor which the reader is accustomed to view ing piecemeal.

OUR LADY'S FOOL. By Maria W nowska. 173 pages. The Newman Pres $3.00. This is the biography of a Polis priest, Father Maximilian Kolbe, whos heroism reached its climax at Auschwit concentration camp. Offering his life fo another prisoner was the final sign o the tremendous charity that had bee nurtured within him by his dedicatio to Mary Immaculate, who was the sourc of his inspiration and his joy. The Hol Father himself has consecrated the worl to the Immaculate Heart, and in thi day of exaggerated tolerance and th compromise of principle, Father Kolb stands out as the example of a tru Christian—one whose duty to God an neighbor is uncompromising.

IMMORTAL BOHEMIAN. By Dant Del Fiorentino. 232 pages. Prentice-Hall $3.50. The adroit pen of the curate o Torre del Lago paints an intimate por trait of his parishioner, Giacomo Puc cini, composer of Tosca, La Bohème Madame Butterfly. Puccini was a pas sionate man—his passion for speed cause him to risk his life in automobiles an boats; his passion for beautiful wome aroused insane jealousy in his wife an inspired the realistic scenes of his im mortal operas. Though "The Maestro shocked his neighbors by his Bohemia existence, they adored him for his sim plicity, sincerity, and generosity. A per sonal friend and countryman, Fathe Dante, writes of Puccini with humor an decorum, and with the tolerance tha genius always commands.

H IS FOR HEROIN. By David Hu burd. 122 pages. Doubleday. $1.75. Am Burton, her father, Frank, and he mother, Louise, all widely different tem peramentally, were identical in bein spiritually stunted and devoid of sense of responsibility. They had arrive at that goal to which a growing secula ist environment is driving most Amer cans. Frank, a C.P.A., had no concern fo Amy or Louise. Louise had no concer for sixteen-year-old Amy, and got herse a night job as a telephone operato Amy did what she pleased—and what sh pleased is a matter of grim speculation But eventually she muddled into mar huana smoking and heroin addictio and landed in jail. The story that i told in *H Is For Heroin* is a dramati story of juvenile narcotics. The stor that is implied is a story of cold paren tal neglect and youth unhitched fro all reputable principles. If Amy hadn taken to dope and dope-peddling, sh would have taken to something els And if she missed getting into mischie it would have been nothing but luck.

WHAT'S IN STORE FOR JAPAN

(*Continued from page* 11)

This, by no means, implies that the Occupation failed in its unique task of trying to rehabilitate a former enemy. The fact that there are things to be assimilated, adapted, and changed, indicates a healthy state of growth. What Japan would have been by this time without the understanding and foresight of General MacArthur and many of those who assisted him, is hard to imagine. Many of the reforms, however, were recommended, especially by subordinate Occupation officials, from a purely American point of view, prompted by the desire to democratize the country as soon as possible. Democratization is a slow process, and the American form cannot be superimposed upon a structure of fixed traditions and decided national concepts, without a tremendous amount of evolution. It is this process of evolution that Japan is now facing. This is rendered even more difficult because of the existing confusion and uncertainty regarding religion.

DISESTABLISHMENT of State Shinto, resulting in religious liberty, has created a veritable Tower of Babel from which any number of established religions plus scores of strange sects are calling to the bewildered people in every conceivable language. The Church, with its voice of authority, appeals strongly to the hearts and minds of the Japanese, when it can reach them. But Catholic workers are so few and the people are distracted by so many problems that progress is slow in spite of the strides that have been made since the war. Now is the time for a great harvest, but if the reapers are not here, the opportunity will be lost. Communism is certainly gaining ground through the number and unceasing zeal of its followers. The Church is the only influence capable of coping with this insidious propaganda. Not only the steadying and comforting hand of the Universal Church could be laid firmly and gently upon Japan at this time of need, her spiritual stability would be assured, but, as it is, the words of a thoughtful young Japanese of my acquaintance express the situation:

"Yesterday," he said, "we became an independent nation once more. Our prospect is gloomy, and we have a long way to go along the road of endless trouble before we can become truly peaceful, liberal, and, perhaps, a little richer, but we know how to work and how to endure hardships. That may help a little, and, in the meantime, we must go on."

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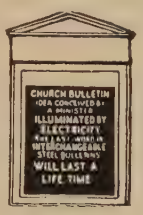

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THE ALCOHOLIC AND THE JOB

(Continued from page 22)

Dr. Selden D. Bacon, associate professor of sociology at Yale University and director of the Yale Center of Alcohol Studies, said recently that a point of view gaining increasing recognition is that no single therapeutic technique is by itself a sufficient answer; that many resources in and out of a plant should be utilized, and that the detection and treatment of early cases is the most important part of the program. He also added that an integral part of a company health program should be a plan to combat alcoholism.

His remarks were delivered on a significant occasion for the alcoholic employee: The recent one-day conference on Alcoholism and Industry held in University Hospital, Twentieth Street and Second Avenue, New York City.

The meeting was held nine days after the opening of the first local center in that city for the out-patient treatment and rehabilitation of problem drinkers. The center is being maintained, at the hospital, by local commercial, manufacturing, and industrial organizations who refer their alcoholic employees to it. Con Edison underwrote a share of the first year's operating expenses up to $25,000.

In connection with costs of an employee rehabilitation program, a New England personnel manager said: "A program in an industrial plant with 10,000 to 25,000 employees would cost $15,000 a year. There may be 200 to 250 alcoholics who, with help, could recover. That's about $30 to $60 a person."

The clinic's long-range plan is an unrelenting attack by the combined forces of industry on a problem that has cost untold misery to everyone concerned with the alcoholic and billions of dollars in lost time and inefficiency for industry. Continuing studies of case histories and of the effects of various techniques are being exchanged by research groups—all looking toward one goal: elimination of alcoholism. Preventive education would, of course, be the ideal method but it has to be done much earlier—at home and in the school. In the meantime, industry and medicine join with A. A. in the fight than can be won.

Perhaps the greatest source of strength for the alcoholic who is trying to recover lies in the A. A. prayer: "God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference."

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LETTERS

(*Continued from page 2*)

actual records. But, you are irrelevant when you attempt to compare this with saying that a man who commits adultery and repents should still be condemned twenty years later." Adultery is a personal sin of the flesh. Generally, it would be a sin of detraction to publish that such one had been an adulterer. But it is almost assuredly not a sin of detraction or in any way "diametrically opposed to the fundamental tenets of the Catholic Church" to expose those who have supported the Communist conspiracy. Those who have repented their past support of the anti-God, anti-American Communist conspiracy have the responsibility of manifesting in unmistakable fashion their repentance. The publishers of *Counterattack* are not mind-readers. Let the past Communist prove his repentance, and *Counterattack* will be only too happy to record it. The Church herself demands evidence of repentance before granting absolution, if I am not mistaken. And Christ pardoned the thief on the cross (to answer your final bit of rhetoric) *only* after the Good Thief manifested repentance.

Mature individuals who freely and publicly involve themselves in the Communist conspiracy or its "liberal fronts" have no just basis for complaining if such involvement is publicized by *Counterattack* or any other publication. If they don't want their involvements publicized, let them not get involved. If they realize they made mistakes, let them say so and correct the mistakes.

To charge that *Red Channels*' tactics "are destroying true, liberal, Christian thinking" is so much tommy-rot. To be a liberal and a Christian, it is not necessary to join the Communist conspiracy or its fronts, nor was it ever necessary. As an alleged "liberal . . . with sixteen years of Catholic education," P.C.G. should know that the Holy Father has stated that it is not morally permissible to co-operate with Communists in *any* way.

ARNOLD FOREMAN

New York, N. Y.

French Schools

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

While otherwise very much appreciating Miss de Bar's article on the question of confessional schools in France, I was left dazzled by the introductory sentence: "In the name of the *Republic* . . ." spoken by a French police official in 1831.

To the best of my recollection—and I am a French—we had a *king* at the time your article is referring to: Louis-Philippe de Bourbon-Orleans, King of the French (this was his official title) from July, 1830, until February, 1848.

Thus your contributor leaves us French saddled with (a) an anticlerical King, which is pretty unlikely; (b) or an additional Republic besides the four officially recorded in the history books.

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Help For The Missions

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Prison Reading Matter

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I am sincerely grateful for the charity you have exhibited in affording clean, wholesome, and constructive reading for the men here.

We have had past volumes of your magazine bound and placed on the shelves of our little office library which I started sometime ago. It is surprising to notice how many use these as reference for the Debating Class, Current Events Forum, and our Catholic Discussion Group.

(Rev.) CHAS. F. HART, O.S.A.
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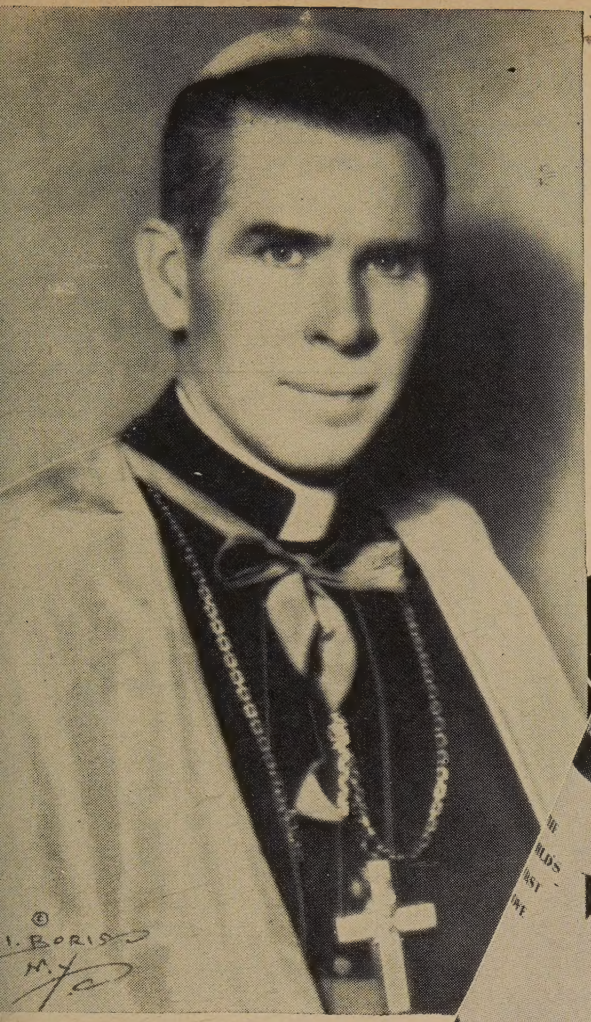

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